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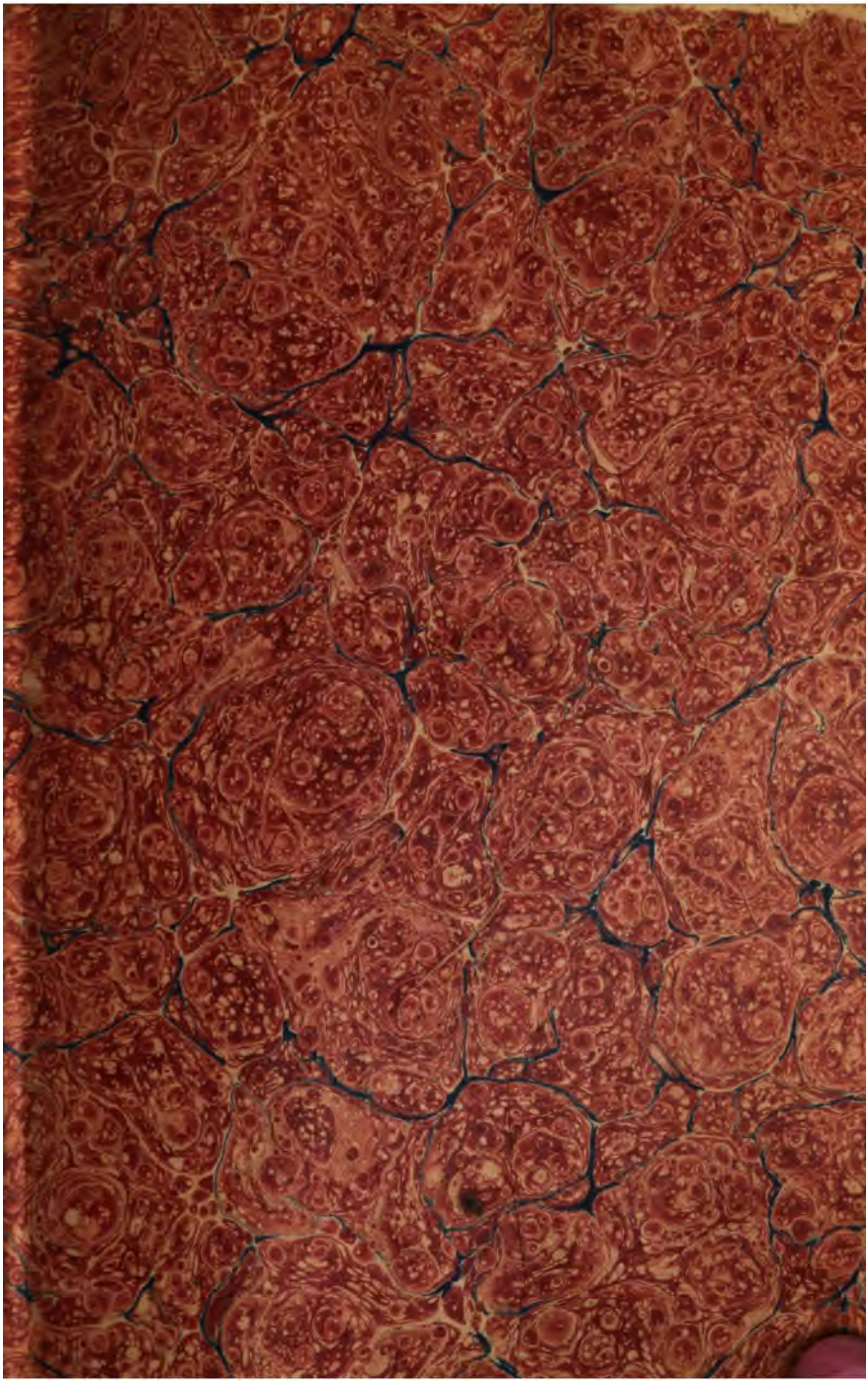

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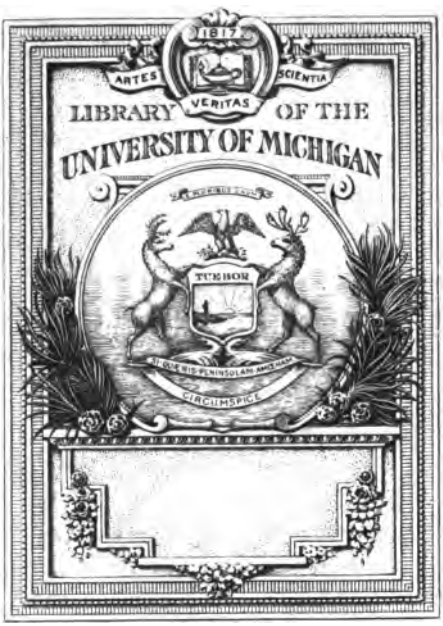
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FRONTISPIECE.

Quæ non Artificis, Sed populari trutina Æstimantur.
Cic de Orat

They are not weighed according to private Prejudice but in the Balance of Public opinion.

London Characters;

OR

FASHIONS AND CUSTOMS,

OF

THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL,

SCENE AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE ARGYLE-ROOMS, AND OTHER PLACES OF ELEGANT RESORT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Embellished with appropriate and humorous Engravings.

Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Troa Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo. *Virg. Æn. X.* 107.

Jeune ou vieux, riche ou pauvre, enfin Juif ou Chretien,
Nul ne m'echappera, s'il n'est homme de bien. *Regnard. ined.*

Old and young, rich and poor, Churchman, Baptist, or Jew,
If foolish or wicked, I'll hold up to Show. B. S.

VOL. I.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS IN BOND-STREET, PICCADILLY, AND PALL-MALL; SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS AT BRIGHTON, MARGATE, CHELTENHAM, BATH, WORTHING, WEYMOUTH, AND OTHER FASHIONABLE PLACES.

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PREFACE.

A few detached Ideas on the Life, Talents, and Works of the AUTHOR.

SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL was born in Derbyshire, in the year 1768.

SKV
8-26-43

His parents were not rich, but of a most respectable and ancient family in the county. Honesty and virtue rocked his cradle; they whispered their heavenly principles into his infant ear; and he walked ever since in the path of rectitude.

His heart was naturally good, his mind liberal: education perfectioned both.

Music and poetry amused his youthful days; painting and morality were the objects of his attention, since he approached the meridian of his life.

He sang well; wrote little; painted much: his fame will last as long as the love of virtue and an innate well-directed zeal against vice will find partizans and friends.

The honour of knighthood was bestowed upon him by the best of Sovereigns, as a token of esteem for one of his best subjects.

His situation, his fortune, the extent of his talents, the variety of his connexions, enabled him to bring within his compass both the zenith and the nadir of society. He loved all men, pitied many, and imitated nobody—he was an original.

As he never spoke of himself, we shall say but a few words concerning these pages, his last production.

In the bitterness of his heart he saw how corruption stalked away, and progressively invaded all the districts of the social empire: he grew wroth, and, displeased at his cotemporaries, he took up the pen of criticism.

As he expressed in the countenance of those he painted the very perceptions and passions of their mind, he could not help using, in his writings, the vivid tints of a picturesque and glowing style; and his works are full of images and portraits.

In vain, said he to himself, the daily eloquence of dignified or popular preachers thunders in all churches, chapels,

meeting-houses, and tabernales, from St. Paul's to the brick-fields of Somer's-town; in vain the pen of our dramatists, from the immortal Swan of the Avon, down to the croaking farce-writers of the little theatre in the Haymarket, have exposed to ridicule, in all kind of shapes and descriptions, the votaries of vice and folly; no reform is to be expected.

The Serpentine river, and the bason in the Park, reflect on their conscious waves the ghosts of the bodies which foul SUICIDE has polluted their waters with. GAMBLING swears and rages aloud, with utmost madnesss and despondency, in St. James's and Germyn-street. CRIM. CON. with unheard of impudence, drives the horned cattle to the *forum*, from the west end of the town to Shoreditch and the Borough; and, through all the columns of our newspapers, sly

ELOPEMENT, with the post-chaise in readiness, steals off our daughters and wives, escapes to the out of-the-way inn, and gallops into public scandal. No! no! reform is not to be expected till we show VICE and her enormities to herself, and make her blush.

It is a fact, which an attentive perusal of these volumes will place beyond doubt, that, although Sir Barnaby was eminently gifted with sharpness of point in sketching, correctness and truth of contours in delineating, and brightness of colouring in his finished pieces, yet he never intended to libel any one of his fellow-creatures.

Like his beloved master, the divine Raphael, who painted not this or that individual, but selecting the most interesting parts from all existing features, exhibited the general countenance of man

under the influence of all sorts of passions, Sir Barnaby chose amongst his numerous models what suited best his purpose.

To cause the least perturbation in the mind of the good would have made him wretched: as for the vicious, the arrogant knave, the arrant fool, he did not care a straw. Peace, he thought, cannot be disturbed where she is not; and it is not in the turbulent and putrid fermentation of a cankered heart her olive branch can ever shoot and thrive.

Sir Barnaby died a few days before the publishing of this work. His wife and children have inherited, not of his wealth, for he had none; but of his virtues, and he had many.

His remains were deposited in the earth at Paddington. The virtuous will drop

a tear on his grave; whilst the wicked will shudder at the least breeze which agitates the lofty trees that wave their heads over his tomb.

CONTENTS

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Page

A MORNING CONVERSATION . . 1

Characters of the Duke and Duchess of Pyrmont —they retire to their Country-seat—a Description—Strictures on Eyebrows—Fashionable Life—an Episode—Man naturally inconstant—a determined Taste for Old Women—an English Ninon—a Dismission—an Anecdote—a Seizure—Observations—a Portrait—a French Count—speak well of the Dead—a fashionable Definition—injured Worth defended—a Bond-street Adventure—a finished Sketch—a sentimental Torch—a fashionable Driver—a Mistake—a Scheme for Country Pastime, agreed upon—a Recipe for enlarging the Eyes—the Duchess turns blind—a Consolation—her Amusements.

LADY FRANCES SUNBURY . . 33

Her Portrait—her meeting Lord Francis Sunbury—Appeal to the Heart—an innocent Delusion—they return to London—the Bans are published—the Lovers are united—a visible Change—she bears it with Patience—retires to the Sea-shore—Conclusion.

THE DUKE OF WARTON . . 47

His Dresssing-room—his Search after Pleasure—his Motives for leading a single Life—Reflections—an Anecdote—casting Lots for Fatherhood—he is declared Father—returns to his favourite Pursuit—his excellent Qualities over-balance his Faults.

MRS. ARLINGTON . . . 59

A fair and just Defence—a Caution to married Women—Damage-hunting Husband—a Word en passant—Bribery—Nothing can compensate the Loss of a good Wife—she was skilled in Intrigue—Conclusion.

SIR JACOB SAMPSON . . . 69

His Character—and Friend—Admonitions re-

ceived with Contempt—his untimely Death —Observations on Suicide—Conclusion.

ANIMADVERSIONS . . . 77

A ludicrous Adventure — the Catastrophe — Plan for future Readings—deserved Censure on demi-nudity—Women are fond of the Approbation of sensible Men—the Age of the Duchess—a Hint to the Reader.

THE HON. MRS. FERNONVILLE . 83

Liberty of Thinking and Acting—Visits at the Bed-side—Transparency of Dress—Danger of Example and Manners—Half a Word to the wise—Conclusion.

SIR CHARLES GRAINGER, AND LADY INGLEBY . . 95

A Seducer is a faithless Friend—a Family formed to please the Fair—no Palliation for Guilt—a great Example of Mercy—Money a Compensation for Shame—a Parallel—a French Husband—my Lord not perfectly right—a male Friend to a Wife—Reflections—Conclusion.

FASHIONABLE LIFE . . . 107

The Duke of Pyrmont—the Fashionables—a Description of smart Costume—fashionable Breakfast — real Jockeyism — Jack Spindle pourtrayed—how to spoil and weaken a Child —vain Efforts at Imitation—elegant Conversation without Meaning—Cousin Tom—his Friends and Customers—deplorable Indifference of the Duchess—Conclusion.

SIR EDWARD MORETON . . . 123

A Character—a Man of Economy and Prudence —old-fashioned Ideas—Conclusion.

THE HON. MRS. EGERTON, OR THE VICTIM OF CALUMNY . . 129

Elopes from the Boarding-school—becomes giddy —creates Envy, and causes Eclat—quizzes and writes Epigrams—acquires new Acquaintances —the Army a dangerous Place for a young Female—she is warned by the Doctor, and attacked by Calumny—falls in a Swoon—sees her

Error—her Husband's generous Behaviour—she comes to London—her ci-devant Governess—retires to the Sea-side—the Clouds clear up—she goes to the East Indies—returns to England—Conclusion.

SIR THEODORE BRYDGES . . 147

Seduction described—Clarissa Wakefield—Cunning and Hypocrisy—Inconstancy and Levity—a new Mistress—an unexpected Confession—its Effects—Impudence of the Seducer—a—Mystery unravelled—a fair Expostulation—Reflections—a Wish.

MRS. VILLENEUF . . . 161

The Danger of male Friends—catching Birds as they fly—a chance Lover—a Rendezvous—a mild and tender Censor—Love no one but your Husband—a narrow Escape—a painted Transparency—Conclusion.

SIR MARMADUKE BROOKS . 171

Observations—Union of congenial Souls—a true honest Man—refined Economy—Avarice chills the Heart—Conclusion.

LADY LAURA PEMBERTON . 179

Her Character—she appears a dashing Woman—her Husband goes Abroad—a rigid Disciple of the Old School—she repairs to a Cottage Orné—her Husband's Return—he drags her Children from her—she trembles for her Daughter—recovers from Illness—a Deed of Separation—Reflections—she deserves Encomium—Conclusion.

JOSEPH BAXTER, ESQ. . . . 195

His Apartments a true Microcosm—his Means—his Haunts—the only Fault he ever committed—his Diary.

THE HON. CAVENDISH WORSLEY. 203

A Bacchanalian—Hunting Parties—no strong Penchant for the Ladies—his Kennel—Canine Physiognomy—Conclusion.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF EASTWOOD;
OR,
THE PENITENT WANDERER . . 211

Disparity of Fortune—a superb Fête—an old Flame revived—her Fortune increases—her Guilt—no Comforts in a dissipated Life—Repentance and Death—a Coronet no Pledge of Happiness—Conclusion.

A MAN OF MYSTERY; OR, SIR WM. FEATHERINGTON. . . 225

Character of a Clergyman—Sir Wm. Featherington in a Fracas—his Origin—he plays at Hide-and-Seek—Outlines of a Picture—a Portrait—Sunday Evening Readings and Pastimes—Conclusion.

OCCASIONAL REMARKS . . 245

Reflections—Variety of Opinion concerning Sunday Evening Parties—the Way to get a Living—the Empress of the Birch—Economy in high Life—the Art of saving a Dinner—

Speculation—a Dialogue—the Refusal—the Works of Calumny—a Confidence—Conclusion.

MRS. PERCIVAL . . . 261

Description of her Person—her Abilities examined—she changes her Manner—her Talent for the Dance—her Plan for a Life Establishment—her Rival—a Brother's Duty—she triumphs over her Rival—she is a Favourite with every one—her Rival is forgotten—a distant View of a Coronet—Conclusion.

GEORGE MEADOWES, ESQ. . . 279

A Sketch—the Danger of keeping a handsome Maid—Loves makes him neglect the Law—a Resolution upon Oath—he declares his Passion—a Temptation—a Dialogue between the Rivals—Fortitude and deserved Reproof—the Bans are published—Mrs. Meadowes' Character—the remaining Stigma of Servitude—Letter—paternal Anger—the Storm is abated—sisterly Kindness—Power of Harmony—a Crisis—a Scheme in View—the Catastrophe—the Reconciliation—Death of his Father—

Pregnancy— a Sketch after Nature—a guilty Conduct—his Folly increases—Embarrassment —Conclusion.

LORD AND LADY HURST . . 307

Introduction—early Risings—College Education —his Appearance in the great World—his Marriage—their Children—Conclusion.

CRITICISM BELOW-STAIRS 315

A distressing Accident—a Nurse assigned to Bijou—Mrs. Blump—and her Lovers—she will hear of Love no more—her Cascades through Life—the Butler—his Amours—Miss Winker—the French Cook—Miss Sharpe—the Irish Valet—Jane Ware—a Discovery—Vice and Folly in common Life—the fatal Bank-note—More petty Scandal—Explanation—Love Stanzas—Reflections—the Story of the Brewer and Mrs. Shark—Interlocution—his Letter to his *Protegée*—a loud Laugh—a Bustle—Conclusion.

LONDON CHARACTERS.

A MORNING CONVERSATION, &c. &c.

Parcere Personis dicere de Vitiis.

"I AM astonished at the homeliness of your ideas, and your strange misconception of fashion," said the once lovely Duchess of Pyrmont to the elegant young woman who was seated beside her, and who was essaying to render an incorrect drawing in some degree tolerable. "I only remarked, madam," said Lady Charlotte Stanmore, "that, I thought the conduct of Lady Westbourn very unbecoming for a person of her years."

"And it was that very ridiculous remark which so much distresses me," said

the Duchess. "Was it not that I was for a twelvemonth confined to your father's society in the country, at one period of my life, to retrieve my constitution from a round of dissipation, I should really think you had been the offspring of some romantic fool instead of his." "My dear Duchess, now you are jesting, I am sure," said Lady Charlotte. Her mother gave her a look of contempt, and quitted the room for the important business of the toilette.

Lady Elmira Seabright, the present Duchess of Pyrmont, had been married, not at a very early age, to the Duke. They were congenial souls, and yet they detested each other: both courted fashion and dissipation, in whatever form they chose to present themselves. The Duke was a man of Herculean make, and stronger in his constitution than in his mind; the latter was easily warped, the former seemed invulnerable to all attacks. The

They retire to their Country Seat.

frame of the Duchess, more delicate, seemed sinking under the frequent repetitions of revelry. Sleep was banished from her nights, and the morning avocations of receiving and returning visits, attending auctions, various exhibitions and fashionable lounging shops, prevented her experiencing, from the somniferous god, that benefit which might enable her to recruit her declining strength.

The wealthy Duke wished for an heir; but four years had elapsed and no prospect presented itself of such a blessing; an absolute order from the physicians compelled the weeping fair one to accompany her Lord to an hunting-box, situated above one hundred miles from the capital. Here, to the great disappointment of the Duke, at the end of ten months, his Duchess presented him with his daughter, Lady Charlotte, and, after a lapse of five years, his grace became the delighted father of a son.

A Description.

Dissipation, more than time, had made sad havoc in the charms of the Duchess; no art was left untried to repair those devastations; but in spite of Sicilian bloom, Circassian pomatum, and all the ransacked stores of the perfumers' shops, the perfidious wrinkles would appear; the bared throat presented a yellow tinge, which no art could disguise; the azure circle encompassed the sinking eye; and the anatomical stay in vain exerted its elastic force to render full and plump the fast-withering bosom: Yet the blind vanity of the Duchess of Pyrmont made her insensible to these decays *; she was rich,

* The art of the TOILETTE is not of modern invention; Homer and Anacreon give us to understand that women in their times were already great proficients in the elegant science, and the beautiful description of the *Cestus* in the Iliad, is a proof that the Mæonian Bard had a peep into the female Arsenal. Esther and Judith of old, were full aware of its powerful influence on the eyes of the stronger sex;

A Description continued.

she lived in splendor, she gave sumptuous dinners, she was the daughter of,

and, thanks to our imitative dispositions, we can boast here of as great a skill in the art as any other nation. The love of dress attends the cradle of the infant girl, and grows with woman through life! But the moment when all its strength is put in immediate requisition, its tricks most usefully played, and all its batteries directed towards half the world, is when the climacteric age of FORTY approaches. Then the goddess of the Toilette and her retinue, the milliner, the perfumer, the hair-dresser, must bring their auxiliary assistance, and do wonders. I have been told many a time that my great aunt, the Baroness of *Quincey*, was born without the least appearance of Eye-brows, and that as the brightness and *eloquence* of her eye, the regularity of her face, and the delicacy and sweetness of her smile, made full amends for the deficit, myriads of admirers fluttered about her when young, and that her marriage with the noble Baron, insured to her as much happiness as may be the lot of any mortal being. Yet, wondrous to tell! as soon as she arrived at that critical period, when the natural bloom of youth vanishes, she reflected on her countenance, and it struck her, for the first time, that she never had any Eye-brows. She

A Note on Eye-brows.

and wife to a duke, both of the most ancient nobility. There was elegance about

---

had never given a thought to it before; though she allowed them to be a very pretty sort of ornament to the "crystal windows of the soul." What's to be done? *Lamp-black*, ground in spirit of *ginger*, the *dark ashes* of a *ham-bone* reduced to impalpable powder in a well-luted crucible, the *snuff* of *wax-candles* kneaded with *fresh butter*, all was tried by the skilful hand of *Betty* the chambermaid, but to little purpose, for the elegant implements seemed to add more to her years than to her charms; although these fastitious arcs of ebony colour were often accompanied with the black patch to heighten the whiteness of the skin, and turn away the sight from the incipient wrinkles. The dear Baroness carried her adscititious brows to the age of seventy, and died of a fit of laughter at loo, with three trumps in her hand. Her case, and that of the Duchess, remind me of the following strophe of an ode to *Wisdom*, which, when at school, I inserted in my common-place book.

"La Beauté n'est qu'un bien frivole
"Qu'un Souffle, un rien peut nous ravir;
"Elle brille et bientot s'envole
"Pour jamais ne plus revenir:

her, and a something yet *piquant* and beautiful in her countenance; so that flatterers still buzzed their soft nonsense in her ear, and she thought herself as young and lovely as ever. She therefore trod on the steps of those fashionable females, who heed neither age nor the marriage tie, but are determined "to live all the days of their lives." The Duke, perfectly indifferent to her, let her follow her own inclinations, while he pursued his, without restraint or control.

The scandalous tale of the day had reached the ears of Lady Charlotte Stanmore, and had given rise to the remark which disgusted the Duchess, to think

---

"*Chloris* par mille cosmetiques
"Veut couvrir ses rides antiques
"Et resusciter ses attraits;
"Mais c'est envain qu'elle s'abuse,
"Ni le carmin, ni la céruse
"Ne la rajeuniront jamais."

CHAULIEU

her child should adopt such an obsolete idea as to blame a woman, who was rather stricken in years, for a few *peccadillos.*

The Duke of Kersbruch, a nobleman whose ancestors came from Germany, was handsome, learned, and possessed of every requisite to form the finished gentleman. He was at that period of life, which, when it is not impaired by a too eager and invariable pursuit after pleasure, is, of all others, the most desirable in man; he was forty and some odd years; but he had so wasted his days and patrimony in continued excess, that, though he still preserved his beauty, he was older in constitution than some men at sixty.

He had been unhappy in his marriage, though united to a virtuous and lovely woman, because, as is too often the situation of greatness, inclination bore no part in the union.

Man naturally inconstant.

Long before this marriage, he had attached himself to a Mrs. O'Meara, the beautiful widow of an Irish officer. She was much older than the Duke*, but so mentally as well as personally endowed, that he entirely devoted himself to her. The nature of man is naturally prone to love variety; and the Duke of Kersbruch, always fond of the sex, could not remain entirely constant to this cherished female; though she was yet lovely in her person, and the charms of her conversation were

* Mrs. O'M... is of the most agreeable temper, and gentle manners; and we apprehend that she was the toast of the day, by the three F's, Fat, Fair, and Forty. Some dry commentators on the age of women, some ladies of the old school who are so fond of lending to others the concealed *superflus* of their years, are of opinion that the bewitching eye of the lovely Countess had then stared her fiftieth birth-day in the face. But it is all mere supposition, and whatever may be the date of her birth, she is a full confirmation of this saying—*Non senescit ingenium.*

A determined taste for Old Women.

so fascinating, that the Duke began to fancy there must be something peculiarly attractive in the possession of *old women!*

He therefore attached himself for some time to the old Countess of Harborough, to the great grief of Mrs. O'Meara; she, however, had soon the happiness of recalling the wanderer, and he became more firmly her captive than ever; but the demon of caprice soon raised up another and more powerful rival in the Marchioness of Westbourn; for her mental charms were united to personal in an imminent degree, and Lady Westbourn, though past fifty, gained a complete triumph over the wayward heart of the amorous Duke.

The course of love, a learned writer remarks, is never to run smooth. The town rang with an event, which had recently taken place, and, as a scandalous

An English *Ninon.*

anecdote was ever welcome at the Duchess of Pyrmont's breakfast table, her favourite *emigré* Count had given it to her, with several embellishments; and the Duchess called Lord Westbourn a brute, while Lady Charlotte blushed at the conduct of his lady. The truth was literally thus.

The Duke of Kersbruch, enraptured with the attractions of the Marchioness of Westbourn, followed her like her shadow, was incessantly at the country-house of the Marquis, where he had very seldom been before; till at length, Lord Westbourn, having, it is imagined, seen some little liberties taken with his venerable *moitie*, which he did not altogether approve, in as polite terms as he could to a man of the Duke's high rank, gave him to understand that his visits would be easily dispensed with in future; but this English *Ninon*, was not so easily given up by her enamoured lover; and

A Dismission.

at the superb town mansion, in one of the fashionable squares, the husband found this highly-favoured *tictsbeo* in a situation with his wife, which he conceived no man had a right to appear in but himself.

Without any respect to precedency of rank, my Lord instantly ordered the stoutest of his servants to turn the Duke out of doors; who, hastening to his carriage, narrowly escaped a good flagellation, which they were prepared to give him in case of resistance.

This affair was soon buzzed through the metropolis; much to the affliction of Mrs. O'Meara, and to the triumph of the Duke's enemies; it added besides new seeds of discord to the menage of the Marquis and Marchioness.

Soon after the Duchess of Pyrmont had completed her toilette, the hopes of the

An Anecdote.

family made his appearance. He entered exclaiming, "News! news! You will scarce believe what a ludicrous scene has just taken place. By heaven, I was coming through Leicester Square, and who the deuse do you think I met arm in arm, just like honest Darby and Joan, walking as fast possible, and all the little world staring at them as if they had dropped from the clouds, or as if they had imagined the noble pair did not know how to walk?—Come, now, my dear Lady Duchess, guess if you can!" "I cannot think of any Lady I am acquainted with I am sure, that would be walking this windy day." "Guess the gentleman then." "Oh! perhaps the rich Sir Marmaduke Brooks, who walks out in an old greasy hat and a coat a cobler would not be seen in." "That would be no wonder, my dear Duchess, he is the pearl of eccentricity. But it was no other than the great Earl of Albania and

his charming Countess! do not lift up your hands and eyes in astonishment, because they were seen walking *together*, but hearken to the cause.

"Lord Francis Sunbury, the Earl's brother, is most confoundedly out at elbows; an execution is lodged in his house, and, in short, as his numerous creditors cannot touch his person, they are determined to seize hold on all they can."

"The Countess this morning borrowed the carriage of Lord Francis to pay a few visits, and while she was in it, those villanous sharks laid their unhallowed hands upon it. Luckily her husband passed by at the time; handed out his trembling Countess, and with that politeness which characterises almost all the branches of his family, attended his lady home." "Politeness!" said Lady

Observations.

Charlotte,—" My dear brother, what must he have been if he had not attended her home ?"

" Duchess, this girl reads novels, I think," said the Marquis of Waltham: " She appears to have some strange unfashionable ideas." Heaven knows," replied her Grace, " where she has imbibed them." " Oh! she will know better bye and bye," said the Marquis; " I do detest all women till they become the property of another man; none but married women can please me."

Such were the sentiments of the Marquis of Waltham, and such we are sorry to say seem *prevalent* in this century; as a learned character in the law justly observed in a late interesting trial; " Curiosity is no longer seen with out-stretched neck, to catch at a whisper;" so often are actions brought against an illicit lover for the seduction of, we are sorry to remark, a too often *injured* wife.

A Portrait.

The Marquis of Waltham, only heir to the titles and estates of the Duchy of Pyrmont, aged eighteen only, was already a mature sprig of fashion; fast living, and a knowledge of most of the health-sapping vices, had given to his naturally effeminate countenance an old and sallow appearance; an hollow eye, a concave cheek, a spindle form, and prominent chin, and an under-sized figure, completed the *tout-ensemble* of a mean looking meagre being. He had a good natural understanding, cultivated by a finished education; but he was supercilious, assuming and slanderous, and besides the darling of his mother, who weak, vain-minded and trifling, envisaged vice, if supported by fashion, not only without merited horror, but with a sense of approbation.

Several suitable matches had been proposed for her daughter; but the Duchess was sure to make some plausible objec-

A French Count.

tion to all; dreading the horrid idea of becoming a grandmother.

Her dressing-room and breakfast-table were the hot-bed of fashionable anecdotes, prepared and detailed, with numerous and well-timed additions, by an *emigré* nobleman, who never could be grateful enough to his dear Duke, nor sufficiently admire the "*superbe* beauty," of *Madame la Duchesse*; and this *indigent* French Count contrived, by his flatteries and well-laid schemes, to fill his own coffers, and realize a considerable property, while he was the Duke's humble friend and *factotum:* and has even been able to lend a needy nobleman, *sub rosâ*, the sum of five or six thousand pounds, at exorbitant interest; while this man made himself agreeable to all; sighed at the feet of the Duchess, and talked in the praise of virtue and sentiment with Lady Charlotte; laughed at religion with the Duke and Duchess, and con-

verted men and maids to the catholic faith, he fed well, and laughed and grew fat; knew when, at proper seasons, to ridicule his own country, and declared he was now become *one complete Jean Bull!*

"And so," continued the Marquis of Waltham, taking up a newspaper, "The pretty little Lady Ashton is dead! she expired immediately after..."--"Cease, brother, I beg of you," said the amiable Lady Charlotte; "When we speak of the dead, (as my favourite author remarks,) we should tread softly over their graves. If her life was not irreproachable, her end was most awful!"

The Duchess of Pyrmont was possessed of an high share of ancient family pride; and though it is universally allowed, that a man always raises a woman to his own dignity, be her former situation in life ever so obscure; yet title and family,

Observations.

on both sides, were requisite to obtain a passport to an intimacy with her Grace.

"Why, Philip," said she, "do you entertain me with detailing the actions of such little creatures as Lady Ashton? What else could Sir George expect, when he took her from her father's shop, to the rank of a Baronet's lady? Such elevations, when young women are possessed of vanity, make them know not where to stop; and they think they are true imitators of the great, if they do but adopt their vices *."

* This observation of the Duchess of Pyrmont is but too true; and there is, in those sorts of *undermatches*, a hidden tendency to that levelling system which being destructive of the long settled distinctions of ranks and families, must be in its essence inimical to social order. *Grace Gregory* may ride the dickey with her coachman, but would never consent to be led by him to the altar.

A Fashionable Definition.

"What, *you* moralizing, my dear Duchess?" said her son; "pray tell me, what is vice, and what is virtue? Mere names. If there is any meaning in the word virtue, I think the greatest consists in pleasing our inclinations; else, depend upon it, *chance* would never have planted them in our breasts. But my dear sister Grave-airs, do not look so solemn. I just now parted with the sweetest pair of sentimentalists you ever beheld; how I longed to bring them home to you! But as to one of them, she never had any thing to say to me, and I am sure the other never will, for I know not who she is, and I shall never take the trouble to enquire. She is one of those kind of women, not amiss, well enough; but not worth the trouble of crossing the street to look at." "Who are these sentimentalists, as you call them?" said Lady Charlotte. "One, I tell you, I never saw before, the other was Lady Laura Pemberton."....

Injured Worth defended.

"The honour of our sex, as she has been the sufferer from the cruelty of yours!" said Lady Charlotte: "The only sensible and elegant woman, *thought* the Duchess, whose company I could ever support with any degree of patience; and she *said* aloud; "The circumstances of Lady Laura's *situation* are peculiar, indeed; her prudence, in *moments* the most trying, her frankness, her elegance, and the whole turn of her mind, entitle her to the regard and protection of every one. If you, forgetful of what her *situation*, and the rank she still holds in society, require, have endeavoured to build any advantage for yourself on the negligence of an unfeeling husband, she treats you with the contempt you justly merit."

"Bless you, my dear Duchess," said Lady Charlotte, "for thus pleading the cause of injured worth," and she prest her ruby lips on the varnished cheek of

her mother: the embrace was coldly *suffered,* not returned.

"Oh!" said the confused Marquis, "I was ever ready to acknowledge the loveliness of the divine Lady Laura. I think her an angelic creature. But come, I must tell you the winding-up of my Bond Street adventures this morning. Lady Laura and her friend were marching through ranks of jewellery at Love's shop, when Lady Laura caught up a silver Serpent, fastened it round the most beautiful tresses in the world, and asked her friend if it was not charming? The woman had the same opinion as myself; she did not like it. I approached them, and said, 'The head is divine, but not the ornament. Locks like those will be immortalized like Berenice's, and not like Medusa's.—By Heaven! Lady Laura took no more notice of me, nor of what I said, than if I had been a pug dog. The dear sentimentalists seemed wrapped up

A finished Sketch.

in each other. Lady Laura, ever witty, ever happy in the association of her ideas, presented her friend with an elegant butterfly broach; it was so apt, there seemed something so *volage* about this friend, for never did I see before so much insignificance, and yet so much meaning, combined in a countenance made up of little trifling features. Her size and complexion were also equivocal, she was neither tall nor short, neither fair nor brown, her eyes blue, her eye-brows and eye-lashes black, and her hair only two shades darker than the divine Laura's." "You seem to have taken very circumstantial notice of her, I think," said Lady Charlotte. "I did," answered her brother, "because I immediately saw she was one of those women that please, we know not how, or why. She was quite Pope's Calypso; I am sure she could charm; but it was without beauty, for like her she was,

"Just *not* ugly!——".

Maternal Feelings.

She saw a beautiful cameo of Lord Nelson, and presented it in return. The sweet beaming eyes of the feeling Laura 'spoke volumes' of maternal tenderness, while her lips faintly articulated, 'My boys!'

"'The renowned Nelson, no doubt, brought the association to her mind,' said Lady Charlotte, 'Her youngest little boy has just entered the Navy.'

"'So I understand,' said his Lordship. Well, they both walked off, and I saw no more of them; and they walked off, with elevated parasols; and though the tassels of their *ridicules* brushed me *en passant*, they did not deign to cast one look at your humble servant."

"But when are we to leave town? Here is scarce any person of fashion left! A few country boobies are just come to gape at Vauxhall, return home in a

A Fashionable Driver.

month, and tell of the wonders they have seen in *Lunnun*. Oh! now I think on it, I must tell you a good thing of a sweet-looking country girl. As Tom Kenworth jumpt off his box, equipped completely *en cocher*, from the cape downwards, and smacked his whip in the true driving style, like the French postillions he has heard on the continent, (but which here always gives the idea of a carman,) he stood, taking up the whole door-way of Madame Lanchestre's, the milliner. You know his size is not of the pigmy kind, and he increased his breadth by putting one arm a-kimbo. Thus he stood, gazing at the face of the pretty innocent, who seemed to wish to enter, but was abashed at the torrid, flaming countenance of the Cerberus who guarded the door. A respectable-looking country squire was just behind her. "Papa," said she, "I wish you would speak to that great coachman to get out of the way!" Tom's auditory faculties are

amazingly quick; the natural purple of his face was heightened by a glow of the deepest scarlet; the colour it assumed would make a beautiful shot for a winter pelisse, I assure you, ladies. Poor Tom! he walked away ready to burst with disappointed importance and astonishment, that all the world, from the North to the South pole, should not know the Honourable Thomas Kenworth of Grosvenor Square: and a new dashing Barouche stood close by, with a pair of the sweetest Arabians that ever Tattersal sold. To mount the box he would not; that would still dub him, in the eyes of the pretty lady, the coachman *ex professo*. I stood at a convenient distance, enjoying the scene, and I do belive once he was inclined to force his way through the milliner's rooms to inform the strangers who he was, when suddenly, a brother whip, in the person of Lord Somertown, clapt him on the shoulder. Tom wished his lordship to mount the box.

A Scheme for Country Pastime.

My lord observed rather too much spirit in the Arabians, threw himself into the carriage; and Tom drove again, in a very sneaking manner, and got out of the street, as fast as possible."

"My dear Philip, you are a mad, entertaining creature," said the Duchess, "We shall leave town positively next week, and what will you do with yourself amongst green fields and shady groves?"

"I think I will turn author, and scribble for your Grace's amusement. I'll draw all the characters of our fashionable acquaintance, and read them to you on a Sunday, or when we are weary of a little innocent gambling; by the time the midnight hour strikes, then, what I have compiled in the day, I will read to you till three; and then we will court repose. The soft, candid, and sentimental part, excuses for our neighbour's failings, and

The Plan agreed upon.

all those pretty *et cæteras*, I will allot to Charlotte; mine shall have the true zest of fashion, scandal, and the spirit of the times!"

"Excellent!' said the Duchess; "This will do; our country amusements are excessively insipid, owing to the immense distance of that horrid mansion from every fashionable watering-place, and where we are obliged to be immured for a few months every year. So much for parent's fancies! It is a pity they are allowed to express more in their wills than merely to bequeath us their property; that is all a will is worth."

Alas! the Duchess of Pyrmont little thought how truly she would be indebted to her son, for a proposal formed in the giddy impulse of a thoughtless moment!

A Lady, celebrated once for beauty,

A *Recipe* for enlarging the Eyes.

famous for her travels, and always justly so for her literary talents and taste, had been married some years to a German Prince: she had been much in Turkey, had seen and known more of the customs and manners of the Turkish ladies, than any of her travelling predecessors. The eyes of the Duchess of Pyrmont were of a beautiful black, but rather small. The Princess had innocently told her, they had the true Turkish hue, in point of colour; and that the Beauties of the Ottoman Empire had a custom of enlarging the orbit of their eyes, by a powder of lead ore, finely ground, and prepared with sweet-oil on a porphyry stone, and lightly laid on with a camel's hair pencil, but cautioned the vain and silly Duchess against making use of it.

To be admired for her personal charms, was the Duchess of Pyrmont's weak side: She caused the powder to be procured; and on the evening that she gave

The Duchess becomes blind.

her farewell rout, before her departure for the country, to a few noble friends who had not yet quitted London; when the stately rooms were beautifully adorned with alabaster lamps, and the Egyptian rosewood urns, exhaled the powerful and odoriferous otto; dressed completely in the *costume â la Turque*, appeared the smiling Duchess. Triumph sat over her well-arched eye-brow, and on the enlarging circle round and under her eye-lids; but, whether by a mistake in the preparation of the destructive powder, or that her Grace had not been sufficiently careful to keep it from the sight, a sudden and frightful dimness came over her once-sparkling eyes: with horror she reflected on the warning words of the Princess Benchaussen, when she said, "My dear Duchess, pray take care, do not think of using it."

The party was broken up; faintings, histerics, succeeded each other through

A Consolation.

the night; in vain she wished to behold another and another morning; the sight of the Duchess was gone, for ever!

Still she was a Duchess; she continued to be idolized and courted; and she yet had ears open to the flattery of those shallow fops, who, to gain access to her parties, and to be seen in them, would compliment her on her likeness to the hoodwinked little god, declare her still the finest woman in the world, and that heaven had closed her brilliant eyes in pity to mankind!

Her taste for anecdote and secret history, became more vivid than before: *one* sense was closed, that glanced on her neighbour's defects, and the *other* became more sensibly acute.

In autumn the days were very short, and she had not yet arrived to any degree of skill, in the art of playing with those

cards, which by punctures are made perceptible to the touch of a blind person; to such a degree of perfection has art of every kind been brought at the present day.

Her son and daughter truly loved her; and they did all they could to divert her mind: but nothing afforded her so much satisfaction as the various modern characters they put together for her amusement, and which were similar to those contained in the following pages.

LADY FRANCES SUNBURY.

- - - ô quantum est in rebus inane ! PERS.

LADY Frances Stuart was the daughter of the Earl of Benfield, who was much more famous for his military achievements, than for the fairness of his private character: in the field, few equalled him for valour or skill: in his house and family few could come in competition with him for cruelty to a most amiable wife, and neglect of daughters who promised, in their early days of childhood, to be patterns of loveliness and grace.

Virtuous, prudent, and as resigned, as far as is possible for humanity to be, the suffering Countess bore the repeated indignities her unworthy husband loaded her with, for a length of time; so that her forbearance astonished even the most *apathetic* characters. In concurrence,

Portrait of Lady Sunbury.

however, with the wishes of all her friends, she obtained a separation, having it agreed to retain her daughters with her.

Lady Frances, the youngest, was extremely beautiful: gay, volatile, early accustomed to receive the adulation of man; like the unconscious rose, she suffered the butterflies to hover round her: noxious insects will however mingle with the innocent; and the wasp-like stings of calumny endeavoured to depreciate the innocent Frances: she might, it was true, be a little of the coquette, but she was no more than a little; and envy and slander were obliged to own their invectives groundless.

The health of the Countess of Benfield obliged her to quit England, and, accompanied by her family, she departed, to try the more genial and tempered air of Italy.

Continued.

A proficient in the fine and elegant arts, here Lady Frances passed her delighted hours under the mild influence of an unclouded sky, and amongst a people unaccustomed to view a chastened freedom of polished manners in an improper light, Lady Frances reigned among them like a little goddess; and her beneficent mind was rendered completely happy by the happiness she imparted to others.

She had hitherto lived in that tranquil indifference, which, pleased with general attention, exacts it not from one alone: at Bath, in London, at every fashionable summer resort, she had been followed by crowds of lovers; but her young mind and care-repelling heart, had never yet formed an attachment: an accomplished man of fashion was as indifferent to her, if he helped her to mount or dismount her horse, as her mother's footman would be when performing the same office:

Her meeting with Lord Francis Sunbury.

and when she was dancing, an exercise of which she was very fond, in vain the enamoured partner gave her the tender and meaning pressure, as he led her by the fair hand through the dance; one partner, if he danced well, was the same to her as another.

She was now residing in the land of love; where love is the constant theme of conversation; where the soft-hearted Italian girl lends a willing ear to her lover, whose enthusiasm finds,

"A mistress or a fane in every grove."

A modern Adonis arrived in this delightful land; and he came from England, from the native country of Frances. A fine person, elegance and accomplishments, then united all their delusive attractions in Lord Francis Sunbury. The fair insensible found herself no longer the same: the similiarity of their tastes, the vivacity of their manners and congeniality of thoughts, soon gave birth to a mutual

attachment. Music's divinest strains in the very region of harmony, the sublimest efforts of the sculptor's and painter's skill, called forth those remarks from them, which evinced to each other their feeling, taste, and genius: whilst the evening's walk, where the orange blossom and jessamine of Calabria, the rose of Pæstum, and the crocus of the Sabine fields, strove for the mastery of fragrance, soon tempted Lord Francis to offer his hand and fortune to the consenting Frances. Why should such delightful moments of life be ever forgot? Why does not the recollection of them act as a stimulus to decaying affection, and rekindle the languid torch of love? remembrance cannot sleep over moments, where the mind has held the chief ascendancy, and vitiated must be that mind, that seeks to repel those dear intrusions of memory! When these delighted young people wandered through the labyrinths of romance, and when Sunbury found in the similarity of their

names, a sure presage that they would be indissolubly united, could his Frances ever think he would wish to dissolve such an union? Oh! no, she would say; (if sometimes a moment's reflection did come to her aid) when he thinks of his own name, every time he writes it he will think also of me!

Oh! man, accuse not woman of deception; how dost thou put in practice every *Proteus-like* art to gain thy purpose! soft, gentle and fatally insinuating, thou seemest incapable of wounding the heart that confides in thee; even thine own life appears but a trivial sacrifice for the beloved object.

It is but charity to believe, that man, from the impulse of high and ungovernable passions, is honestly sincere, at the moment when he is making protestations of unchanging fidelity, and that he does not really deceive with an avowed in-

tention to betray. Weakness in the art of self-conquest, when passions again intrude, renders unsupported every feeble barrier of remaining virtue, and he continues to veer by the destructive force of each momentary inclination, from bad to worse.

Lord Francis well knew that his father would never consent to his marriage with Lady Frances: he had in view for him more high and splendid alliances: Lady Frances knew this also; and that her mother would never consent to sanction their union, without his father's approbation: a private correspondence was therefore agreed upon.

The young nobleman's travels being finished, he departed for England; and the family of the Countess of Benfield left Italy soon after.

On the arrival of Lady Frances in London, Sunbury became more in love

The Banns are published.

than ever: he proposed a private marriage; but how could it be effected? The health of Lady Benfield was yet fragile, and the affectionate Frances would give up her heart's dearest inclinations, sooner than by an elopement impart pain to an indulgent parent, and by giving irritation to her mind, perhaps accelerate her decay.

Who would grant a licence to people of their rank? Lord Frances yet under age! They, accordingly, among numerous other couples, had their banns published in church, and they were unheeded by the auditors of fashion, as they never attended to the concerns of such *little people* who could be asked in church, but purposely turned a deaf ear;—My Lady took the opportunity of enquiring of her daughter, whom she had invited at a select party to cards in the evening? Another would take a card from her *ridicule*, and read over a list of the morn-

The Lovers are united.

ing visits she meant to pay when church was over: while others sat ruminating on the parties they were likely to meet at the different houses of the nobility who gave Sunday concerts.

After the banns had been duly published, the thoughtless pair were married, as was currently reported, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Francis. This marriage could not long be kept concealed from the parents of both parties; the old Earl, the father of Lord Francis, did all he could to annul the match, and declared it void as his son was under age.

Love, for a while, triumphed over duty; and Lord Francis nobly declared, that he never would own another wife. A lovely boy was born to him; and Frances, happy and delighted with her new state, quitted all her former gaities, and gave herself up to the pure and affectionate characters of wife and mother.

A visible change.

Soon after the birth of her second son, with mingled pain, and all the fluctuating anxiety of fear and hope, dreading to bring conviction to her mind, she too plainly perceived a visible inequality in the behaviour of her Francis towards her; till then invariably kind, and ever charmed with her winning society: he now became frequently absent from her, and sometimes for a length of time: her good sense however taught her, that frowns and reproaches would be of no use, but only render her situation worse; that, assiduity and tenderness, though they would not entirely make him the ardent and adoring husband he once was, yet might ensure her his confidence and unchanging esteem.

But the charm of novelty was fled! the hour of conjugal felicity was past! Willingly he now welcomed the nullity of his marriage; and declaring he should ever provide for the children, as born in

She bears it with patience.

lawful wedlock, yet a separation was become absolutely necessary, to ensure him the future countenance of his friends and relations; and that her maintenance, on their being divided, should be so munificent, that it should enable her to live in the splendour becoming his wife.

She was obliged to bow, in patient acquiescence, to this most trying circumstance of her life. Her fortune was very small; her mother had long been separated from her husband, and though it was universally known that he had treated her ill, and though after his death she might receive her jointure, yet her interests, and those of the Benfield family, had become separate. Lord Francis had rich, high and powerful friends, with his own inclinations concurring to dissolve his marriage: She therefore accepted the terms of a separate maintenance; and resolved, if possible, to see him no more.

She retires to the Sea-shore.

It will scarce meet with credit, but is nevertheless true, that she was, from failure of payment, on the part of Lord Francis, obliged to have recourse to the forms of the law, to procure her maintenance from him, who would once joyfully have welcomed poverty for her sake, her, whose form alone could once delight his eyes, and whose simplest accents were once the sweetest music to his ear.

She retired to an elegant dwelling by the sea side, where she lives beloved and respected by all who have the honour of her acquaintance. Her conduct is uniformly correct; her society well chosen and cautiously selected: so totally impossible does she render it by her prudential conduct, for the forked tongue of slander to reach her: her mansion is the embellished seat of taste, elegance and hospitality, as her heart is that of refinement, candour, and kindness.

Conclusion.

She devotes her chief time to her children, her books, and the exercise of the various accomplishments she so amply possesses.

Though Lord Francis seems to have forgotten the happy hours he formerly passed with her, yet the father has still prevailed; he cannot forget his boys, nor the claims they have upon him. But why give pain to the anxious heart of the mother? All her maternal feelings have been lately called forth, at the idea of being deprived of these blossoms reared and cherished by her hand, who are to remain no longer under her own inspection, but entirely to be consigned to the care of guardians of his Lordship's appointing.

THE DUKE OF WARTON.

" Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
" Sera moratur." HORAT. Carm. i. Ode 38.

HAD we but for a few moments the friendly assistance of the Asmodeus of Le Sage, how many yet undiscovered scenes might be presented to the public eye! yet without such a demoniac aid, the tongue of rumour, impossible to be checked, the whispers of babbling indiscretion will circulate from ear to ear, and disclose those truths which art and fashion so much wish to conceal.

The dressing-room of the decrepit old Beau, whose character is here delineated, would furnish ample subject for a ludicrous poem; and, though guarded with every scrupulous care, the penetrating eye of curiosity has yet explored it, and busy prattle has told the tale.

Chicken-gloves, milk of roses, every

His Dressing-room.

adipous unguent to smooth the wrinkled skin, lie in scattered profusion on the toilette of this venerable Narcissus: the wig, of a beautiful auburn colour, and made to look as much like nature as possible, hangs on a gilded stand, by the looking-glass, with not one shining curl discomposed.

In one corner swells the ponderous milk-bath, in which his Grace so lately escaped a drowning; and the warm sheep-skin shirt depends from the glittering-hook, ready to impart, in the absence of the maid of *Shunam*, an artificial degree of heat at night to his age-frozen limbs.

In one really possessed of manly accomplishments and taste, well-versed in the manners and language of those various countries he has visited, what can be the motive of his thus giving himself up to such trifling vanity?

His Search after Pleasure.

It is not because the season of dotage is arrived; the Duke of Warton has ever been the same without variation from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the present day: it is that ruling passion which attends poor mortals to the last, and is so well described by Pope, who, in that of the old lover, gives us a faithful picture of the Duke:

"He envies every sparrow that he sees."
MORAL ESSAYS.

The Duke of Warton was a constant admirer of the female sex, but we are led to suppose he never had been a favourite with them, being always obliged to content himself with purchasing favours from those ladies whose occupation consists in selling them. It has even been reported that he used to wander, unattended, in the streets, in search of the credulous servant girl, or the unexperienced and giddy young wife of the

His Motive for leading a Single Life.

unconscious labourer: and that, frequently, his Grace has met with those rebuffs, from these children of virtuous simplicity, which his illicit proposals have deserved; to others he has often been obliged to the resource of making known his high rank, and then he has sometimes succeeded with vain and easy-gained ignorance, who thought it a glorious conquest to attract the notice of a Duke!

His Grace was never married, owing, it is believed, to the fickle inconstancy of his mind in respect to women: otherwise, a nobleman descended as he is, from the most ancient line of Princes and Monarchs, with his high and respectable living connexions, he might, no doubt, have formed a matrimonial alliance with not only some titled, but wealthy female.

If the self-knowledge of an inconstant disposition was his motive for embracing a single life, it shews him to be a man of

Casting lots for Fatherhood *it was not chance.' no.'*
But the gentle breath of the Angel who presides
over paternal Affection, blew the Dice.

Vide. Vol I. Page 54.

the most honourable principles. Examples in this polished century too often present themselves amongst the great, of marriages contracted only to obtain riches, in the pre-determined resolution of squandering them, to support unworthy and rapacious mistresses, and indulge the vitiated taste of varied inclination.

When the changing affections of men wander after a multiplicity of women, they may, for a short time, be the favourites of the fair, but it will not last; the spell is soon broken, and they discover that a degree of incapability to please them long, is ever attached to those famed for inconstancy; it is like Epicurism in the science of eating; we generally find the healthy eat with a good appetite of one pure and salubrious dish; but the languid and broken stomach seeks its gratification in all the various ways that the culinary art can make use of to render the food any way palatable.

An Anecdote.

A most interesting period happened at one part of the Duke of Warton's life. He fancied he was a father! Was it then only fancy? Oh, no!—Nature twines herself round every fibre of the heart, and parental feeling cannot be deceived.

Hitherto his Grace had never beheld woman but only in a sexual view. Charlotte Horton, whom he regarded as his daughter, was lovely and engaging in her person, yet he beheld her without desire; pure, yet ardent was the affection that warmed his bosom: he felt jealously tenacious of her honour, and keenly alive to her future interests: But then, her mother! .... so lavish of her precarious caresses!, ... Who could determine whose child she was? One of the great Wits of the day declared she was his, for he felt pleased with the acquisition of such a daughter: Yet he felt not like the Duke of Warton. Still, like him, he was determined to claim her, own her before all

the world as his daughter, and amply provide for her. "Oh! she is mine alone," said the real father. "Well! as wise Solomon said," replied the Wit, "we will divide her: the mother has divided her affections between us; and though, trust me, I do not mean to cut her in halves, yet, as I am pretty confident that I have as much claim to Charlotte as yourself, we will bring her up at our joint expence, give her a good education, and that portion as shall entitle her to a respectable marriage!"

"Since you quote scripture," said the Duke, "you prove, like the harlot who wished the child to be divided, that she is none of yours!—Hear me! she shall be, as I am sure she is, wholly mine, or I give up all claim to her."

The Wit, catching up a dice-box, said, "Come! chance shall decide it:" And it was so, apparently, decided: But it was

not chance,—no, the gentle breath of the angel who presides over paternal affection, blew the dice; and the Duke was declared, without contradiction, the father of Charlotte Horton!—And before they threw, it had been previously agreed between them, that whoever lost should never, by any word, direct or indirect, assert that kindred with her, which afterwards was sufficiently proved the Duke had the only claim to.

The Duke of Warton acted the part of a kind and tender parent; and while he enjoyed the company of his Charlotte; happy in watching her improvements, seeing her caressed and admired, he gave up in a great degree, the ridiculous and continual change of his promiscuous amours.

He had the satisfaction of seeing her well and happily married to a nobleman; and he soon relapsed into all the silly

Returns to his favourite Pursuits.

licentiousness of his former life, now made doubly ridiculous for him to pursue, from his increasing infirmities, and a confirmed old age, which no art is able to conceal or disguise.

Yet he is determined to call in every aid to preserve his complexion, and to give himself an air of youth; and he really does look tolerably well, for one who has led such a life, and told so many years.

However, in scanning the Duke's character with impartiality, we shall rejoice to find him a man more weak and vain, than wicked: he has loved women, gaming, and horse-racing; but he is not a married man!—he has injured no one but himself; and his large fortune has been at his own disposal to employ as best pleases him.

He is possessed of many excellent

principles, which largely preponderate against his faults, and will cause his little vanities to mount aloft, when weighed in the balance of charity and candour.

He is most loyal to his king and country; ready and honest in the discharge of his tradesmen's bills: That his heart is warm and affectionate, his constant attachment and conduct to his daughter unquestionably prove; and that charity and benevolence are inmates of his bosom, his munificent assistance to the unfortunate and proscribed wanderers from a neighbouring nation, is a sufficient and ever-living testimony. If spontaneous and innumerable charities, as we are assured, cover our sins, however great their multitude, he has a claim to forgiveness, for he will prop up a falling institution by his liberality, and make it flourish in renovated strength. When he hears of the wretched sufferers from a dreadful fire, the ready thousand pounds fly from his ge-

nerous coffers: and if the friendly voice of Britannia invites her wealthy sons to support a laudable patriotism in any part of the world, his Grace's name blazes first with effective and superior radiancy on the list of the subscribers. How much better is he than the close-fisted miser, who because he does no harm, is called *a good kind* of a man, and under the sanctified appearance of a Christian, hides a heart of stone!

MRS. ARLINGTON.

. . . . " te sæpe vocanti
" Duram difficilis mane." HORAT.

THIS lady was not much known in the fashionable world, and very little spoken of, until her marriage with Colonel Arlington; and it is painful to relate, that even after her marriage, she was less taken notice of as a dutiful, constant, and affectionate wife, than she was in becoming the theme of general conversation, after she had formed a fatal attachment, which ended in her public disgrace!

Her husband, being a man of large fortune, of a noble family, and appearing, in the opinion of the world, to live very happily with her, each eye was turned with disgust at her faulty conduct, and every ear was open to the invective hourly poured forth on her blighted reputation.

Be it our part not to screen or palliate

vice, but fairly to investigate the faults on both sides, ever to lean to the side of the weakest, and prove the unhappy wife not always the *sole* aggressor.

Certainly every proof was adduced of Mrs. Arlington's guilt; but what might lead or uge her on to the commitment of it, is carefully concealed. We cannot forbear remarking, that very peculiar circumstances must influence a brother to welcome a proscribed wife, and grant her an honourable and safe protection! A brother is always tenacious of his sister's honour, and is seldom known to screen her, when guilty of the crime of adultery, unless some strange concurrences, which perhaps cannot be made public, induce him to it.

Not one kind word is said in defence of Mrs. Arlington, though she does not fly to the arms of her seducer, but deplores her fault in retirement, and seeks

consolation only from the soothings of fraternal affection.

Beautiful, and in the prime of life, she too easily lent an ear to the blandishments of flattery, directed to her from a man of high rank and accomplishments in the absence of her husband. That part of her conduct admits of no defence. Gradual is the progress of vice, and the married woman must guard against receiving protestations of love from any other man; for when she listens with outward complacency, and inward pleasure, she is lost, especially if the honour of her lover is not to be depended upon; and little can be relied on where a man allows himself, in such a situation, openly to profess his inclinations.

We do not say that Colonel Arlington was purposely absent, but after a husband has harboured suspicions, why does he prefer aquatic excursions to the so-

ciety of an amiable woman, and leave her unguarded and assailable? Why not expostulate with her? why not tell her his suspicions? or rather why not be more at home, increase his own attentions and kindnesses towards her, and thereby act on a generous mind in that safest manner of ensuring her virtue and his own honour, by so preventing the lapse of her's? No, the sweet hopes of obtaining high damages are the temptation; and men seem delighted with the gilded antlers, which they proclaim before all the world they wear. Even two hundred pounds from a livery-servant have had their charms for one of these damage-hunting gentlemen;—Since he has ripped up the old frailties of his guilty partner in the sweet expectation of obtaining a *little more*, and he was not disappointed, for he gained *one shilling!*

But Mrs. Arlington does not appear to be depraved; she might have been kind-

Observations.

ly led back to virtue, before she stepped into the path of vice: she now shrinks, abashed, from the world, and conceals her shame under her brother's roof.

Colonel Arlington seemed determined to find her guilty: he went not himself to prevent the fatal assignation before it was too late; but every plan was laid to proclaim her crime, and his own disgrace, to the public.

What officious, *high-feeding* landlady would lose her own dinner, and sit, for an hour, watching the guests who frequented her house, had it not been previously planned, and she well rewarded for it?

The chamber-maid, likewise, and servants, seemed all to combine the force of preconcerted evidence, against the unhappy transgressor.—And how often has the evidence of domestics been procured

to overthrow the quiet of families! Many instances could be adduced of false accusations being made by a worthless servant, who had been turned away for neglect of duty, and thus has sought revenge.

The world cannot have forgot, and surely it will be handed down for centuries to come, the cruel conduct of a Naval Officer of high rank in his profession, towards a chaste and amiable wife; whom he had repeatedly treated with those indignities, which shock every mind possessed of any degree of delicacy, and her's peculiarly so: yet this woman, so pure, so refined, he scrupled not to accuse of incontinence with a black servant! And the poor wretch owned on the trial, that he had been highly bribed to accuse his mistress:—By whom bribed? The horrid conviction too plainly speaks to the astonished mind!

Lord Berwick, the too highly-favour-

ed lover of Mrs. Arlington, could not be on such a degree of intimacy with the family, as it appears he was, without the knowledge of Colonel Arlington; and that the Colonel had his suspicions, is but too evident, from every corroborating witness adduced by servants. We cannot think much of the disinterestedness of the Inn-keeper's wife, because she refused the munificent bribe held out to her, to make her hold her tongue: "From the abundance of the heart, the mouth will speak:" And she said to his lordship, "No; if I am silent, all the servants know it, and will not be so." She therefore felt convinced that, tempting as was Lord Berwick's offer to her, as he had not made the same to the servants, they would be sure to tell all they knew, if from motives of envy alone. It may naturally then be surmised, that she was rewarded from another quarter.

Think not, reader, that adultery is

Nothing can compensate the loss of a good Wife.

here palliated, or in the smallest degree defended; but it is impossible to feel much pity for the man who ameliorates his fortune by his wife's and his own disgrace. Did Lord Berwick take away money from Colonel Arlington? How then could a few thousands compensate for the loss of a once-loved, once kind and faithful wife? Could they restore her lost fidelity; would not every guinea be expended of it remind him of his present dishonour and past happiness?

When an husband, so injured, asserts his honour, he SHOULD NOBLY REFUSE the paltry damages accorded him, and shew that lucre was not his motive for exposing the adulterous parties to the eyes of the world.

Would a man wish, by obtaining this gilding for his ornamented brow, to enrich children, to whom it may be doubtful whether he has a true parental claim?

She was unskilled in Intrigue.

We are indeed concerned, when a woman of Mrs. Arlington's once fair character, has thus violated her marriage vows. A seeming stranger to vice; only one billet had she written to her illicit lover: artless, unskilled in sly intrigue, she tells him to come and see her, when her husband was from home, in the hearing of her servants. She was pleased with Lord Berwick's conversation, she liked his society; and we must repeat that, we find her frequently left to solitude: for the evidence against her says, his Lordship came *very often,* and always when the Colonel was *from home.*

These visits could not be planned on the part of Mrs. Arlington, as she never sent but one note to his Lordship.

When she had taken the last fatal step, which sunk her, and her hitherto spotless fame, into the abyss of infamy, when discovered, she uttered, that, it was the

Conclusion.

first time she had been *imprudent!* She gave it too gentle a term; for we really believe it was the *first,* (and we may be led to suppose, from circumstances that followed, the *last*) time she had been criminal!*

* The following lines of a celebrated poet, should not be understood as a rule for married people:

Curse on all laws but those which love has made;
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

POPE.

SIR JACOB SAMPSON.

. . . . " moriemur inultæ
" Sed moriamur, ait." VIRGIL.

In this gentleman we behold a man, not striving by pecuniary acquisitions to insure himself that happiness, which he finds every reason to suspect his wife has for ever destroyed, but we see him sinking under the affliction, caused by his suspicions, and seeking refuge only in despair.

Sir Jacob Sampson, as his name sufficiently evinces, was of that race which were once the chosen favourites of their Maker; and if, as the liberal and well-informed mind assures its possessor, all religions are equal in the eye of OMNIPOTENCE, if mercy, justice, and integrity are the leading rules of their conduct, then we may safely say, that Sir Jacob was one who shone amongst the favourites of heaven.

His Character.

No man knew the value of money better than he did; but he knew its value only, as it served him to prop the State which protected him: he had lavished it in support of government, and in affording the helping means of carrying on an arduous war: he has employed it also in magnificently feasting the sons of his lawful Sovereign; and, though a merchant and citizen himself, in regaling those nobles, which he knew, how empty soever may be the mere *sound* of title, are yet necessary to support each proper gradation of government: while his liberal hand, ever open to succour distress, has blessed and comforted the poor in his vicinity.

But much as money may be deemed desirable, as for the pleasure it affords in dispensing it for good to others, in that delightful way Sir Jacob was ever assiduous to do; yet he well knew that the precious metal gold, is unable to

heal the lacerated heart, or calm the tortures of an anguished mind.

He had a friend, rather an humble friend, because he was in a great measure dependant upon him: he was possessed of a fine person, and great acquired endowments of learning. The study of the college may impart wisdom to the head, but it cannot give the more amiable virtues of the heart: yet how often do the learned follow that occupation, whose chief and first lesson of instruction is virtue; and which early teaches the lisping infant to repeat the maxim, "Do as you would be done by."

The polished ease of fashion, and a liberal mind and education, allow of freedoms and intimacies unknown to the middling and lower classes of life. Sir Jacob's connexions and acquaintance ranked amongst the highest circles, his *Ami* was *l'Ami de la maison*, and Sir

Imprudent conduct of his Wife.

Jacob well knew that a virtuous woman is in no danger with a male companion, if that man is an honourable man; for he often acts, in every correct sense, not only as a protector, but, at the same time, a cherished friend, and with whom, thought he, could his wife be so safe, as with a good and sensible man, whose calling is that of virtue and principle?

But the conduct of Lady Sampson seemed to be divested of its accustomed prudence; so that an affectionate husband began to be alarmed.

Just to his own honour, yet unwilling to make any *eclat* in the world, he was at first like Joseph, "minded to put her away privately:" yet her still *endearing* behaviour, the recollection of the happiness she had once diffused over his social and private hours, made him look into his own thoughts, and imagine that, perhaps, a spark of jealousy, almost insepa-

rable from true love, had crept into the enlarged composition of his heart; and still he would have stronger proofs before he came to extremities; as for a trial in Westminster Hall, and suing for damages, that never once entered his mind.

He became still more alarmed; and, as he imagined, with reason; and, it is said, he ventured to expostulate with her, on the unguarded partiality she evinced for his humble friend. We should hope all that has been spoken on this event is not strictly true; it is, however, confidently reported, that she not only refused to alter her conduct, but treated her unhappy husband, and his kind admonitions, with the utmost contempt. The pangs that inward agitations produce, especially those of the heart, are indescribable, and their result not to be accounted for: A settled and dark melancholy came over the once-active mind of Sir Jacob; the interests of his country were no longer

His untimely Death.

dear to him; the habit of diffusing good to others, was continued, from systematic order, but it gave not its accustomed glow to his benevolent mind; it was become habitual only, and mechanical, as the hourly time-piece strikes, unconscious itself of the effect it produces.

Worked up to a state of melancholy frenzy, this useful life was closed by his own rash hand *. We have been persuaded to believe, that a chronic disorder, gradually ascending to the recesses of the brain, produced this fatal event: we sincerely trust it was so.

We hope for the honour of the female sex, that his wife, however suspected by

* These beautiful lines might be well applied to this unfortunate man.

"Ho core anch'io che morte sprezza e crede
"Che ben si cambi con l'Onor la Vita."

the fancies of melancholy, engendered chiefly, perhaps, by severe indisposition, was yet innocent: that he was in a state of lunacy, at the time he committed the fatal deed, is certain; so is nearly every one who perpetrates the act of suicide, however seemingly predetermined: nature, in her lucid moments, shudders at the thought of being her own destroyer, and the preservation of life is the first law.

It may be urged that, there are many instances, where a person has acted very methodically and cooly, before he has lifted a daring hand against his own life: we acknowledge it all; but then the lunacy has already taken place; for the lunatic generally dwells on one subject; and what instances of regular method will their not occur in madness! how will a man, in all the raging fury of a brain fever, lay plans for his *escape!* how will he not watch the drowsy eyes of the Argusses who surround him, to see if

Conclusion.

they sleep, that he may effect this *escape*. In this instance there seems thought and apparent reason; but it is instinctive thought only; the brain is still on fire, and in such a case, if this febriculose man should emancipate himself from his keepers, and be found self-destroyed, would he be pronounced guilty of suicide, and condemned to be buried in the cross-roads? surely no.

The whole nation mourns the loss of such a man as Sir Jacob Sampson, and laments that he could not remain in this scene of sorrow his appointed time: his name and memory will ever be held in veneration, and his remaining kindred, who bear that name, are equally revered; they have the same means, and the same amiable propensity to do good, as their unfortunate brother, and we trust they will long enjoy that useful life, which reflects honour on human nature.

ANIMADVERSIONS,

&c.

" Quid fles, Asterie ?" HORAT. iii. 7.

"THIS will never, never do," said the Marquis of Waltham; " Charlotte has a tear trembling in her eye, the dear Duchess pensively leans her head on her hand, and I cannot but lament the fate of my unfortunate and munificent friend, Sir Jacob Sampson. But a truce to these mournful subjects: You, Charlotte, who are so firmly devoted to the belief of a future state, you must know that a man of his character, according to your creed, cannot fail of being happy. Come, my dear Duchess, the rain is over: the grounds are delightful on the gravelled path-way after this little shower—let me lead you.

" I do not much like these morning readings," continued the Marquis as they walked; " nothing shall again tempt me to it: to-morrow I will collect some-

thing more gay for our evenings amusement. And now I must tell you a few of my ideas, as they start to my mind.

"In the character we have sketched of the Duke of Warton, and to which, Charlotte, your sweet candour gave the finishing touches, one curious anecdote of him was quite forgot; it is but little known, and I am certain you are both ignorant of it; it is, nevertheless, true. Sit down a little while, dear ladies, in the prospect-chair, and I will stand by and tell it you.

"His Grace was one day on his usual perambulations, coursing on foot, after some little uncautious leveret or other, that might perchance fall in his way; when, behold, a very well-dressed, fine-looking woman crossed his path, and this amorous septuaginary swain immediately began his attacks. The lady at first took no notice of him; she was young, hand-

Continued.

some, had a something of fashion about her, and yet accompanied by a kind of inexperienced air.

" As he had never seen her any where before, he had recourse to the old expedient of making known his rank, and intreating and imploring the lady would accompany him home. The artful fair one appeared to be softened, refused this favour, but seemed willing, and, indeed, rather desirous, the Duke should accompany her. He had rather have spared himself that trouble. Again intreating, and the better to obtain his purpose, he slipped a note into her willing hand. Still he was obliged to follow, for the lady had highly charmed him, and she led the way, resolving not to accompany him to his residence. Of course a woman of any fashion seldom walks far when quite alone; she soon stopped at the door of an house in a fashionable square, the door of which

was opened to her with great respect by a servant in a dashing livery.

"Appearances, and the conduct of the lady, made the Duke now think he had fell in with some courtezan, kept in high style and splendour. They were shown into an elegant saloon back-parlour, where was seated a most respectable looking gentleman, whom, to the amazement and confusion of his Grace, the lady introduced as her husband!"—"And permit me, my dear," said she, "to introduce to you his Grace the Duke of Warton! and see," added she, laying the note on the table, "the honour his Grace intended you and me, and how generous he would have shown himself!"

"How this adventure ended, you may easily guess: I had heard enough, from the first authority, of the truth of it; and as the *qui pro quo* was all I thought

worth of it, I did not stay to hear the rest: I only know the poor Duke was most egregiously duped and confused; and was close housed, for some time after, under pretence of indisposition.

"Now I will tell you whose adventures I mean to give you next." "Oh, if you are going into adventures and histories, I shall be weary," said the Duchess; "most truly so."

"Customs then and characters," said his Lordship; "and they shall be those of the Honourable Mrs. Fernonville." —"Oh! heavens," said Lady Charlotte, "neither her customs or character can, I am sure, be edifying; I think they will rather disgrace your pen."—"Disgrace my pen!" replied the Marquis, "Oh! she is the glass of easy manners, in which delightful mirror I would like each dear-bewitching female to dress herself! Come now, is not that thought almost as

pretty as your divine Shakespeare's, my prudish sister?"

"You cannot tax me with that," said Lady Charlotte; "no one, I believe, is more free from prudery than myself; but I cannot help saying, that the indecorous conduct of Mrs. Fernonville, however she may be supported by the fashionable world, is not only disgusting but extremely prejudicial: Be assured, my dear brother, it is such women who give men an unfavourable opinion of our sex; and, not only unfavourable, but it causes them to lose that respect which is due to us, when they see the *demi*, more than *demi* nudity of a wife and a mother: and thus the continual trials in Westminster Hall, for the seduction, as it is *called*, of wives, most alarmingly increases. Why cannot women draw a medium between starched frigidity, and the licentious manner of a courtezan? So different from that sweet and chastened

freedom of manners, where liberality of mind and elegant ease make up the charm of lively conversation? Instead of this we either now find a stupid silence, a romantic and affected purity, in the air and discourse, or else they run into that levity, which is sure to injure their characters, however undeservedly, and subjects them to the licentious attacks of every unprincipled libertine; while their dress exceeds in immodesty that of the unhappy female who walks the streets. I should think, such want of covering can leave nothing to the imagination, and must disgust your sex in the moment of reflection."

"I declare Charlotte, you are a sweet girl," said the Marquis, embracing her: "I believe you will one day convert me into a moral man, in spite of the prevalence of dear fashion: But do not you see, Duchess, she has a little spice of voluptuous coquetry about her? she wishes

to enslave the hearts of men by ensnaring their imagination."

"Oh! you pervert what I say, brother," said Lady Charlotte; "I wish not to enslave the hearts of men; but all women, let them say what they will, desire nothing so much as the approbation and regard of the sensible and worthy part of mankind."—"Honest Charlotte!" said the Marquis, "and now, I will be honest in *my* turn. About a year ago, I began to think it requisite, as a man of fashion, to be an admirer of your sex; and I found the truth of Ovid's remark, that,

"A man sometimes begins to love in jest,
"And after *feels* the torments he *profest*."

"For though I entered on my amorous career with apathy, and merely for fashion's sake, yet women to me became sweet erring Angels; "I love them *with*, and

even for, their faults;" and I loved them all: Never could I be weary, I thought, of beholding the fine-turned limb, delineated through the almost transparent drapery that enwrapped it. The Venus-like bust, sometimes wholly uncovered, created rapture at first; till at length it grew too familiar to the eye; and now I declare to you I can behold these frequent nudities, that are obtruded so continually on the sight, with the same cold sensations of indifference as I would look on a piece of carved wood."

The Duchess smiled, but her smile was accompanied with confusion: She felt a sense of shame stealing into her bosom. The recollection of the years she had numbered, shot its troublesome and intrusive truth over her mind. She was fifty-five! But she had ~~been~~, and she was still beautiful, though blind.

She wished to change the subject. She

arose to walk, and took the arm of her daughter. For almost the first time in her life, Lady Charlotte found it gently pressed against her mother's bosom: *she* felt happy and delighted.

The Marquis retired to his study, to commence the character of Mrs. Fernonville; and though we do not present this character, or any other, in the exact words of these noble Biographers, yet the sense is preserved. It is in our power to add some little anecdotes, perhaps unknown as un-noticed by them, and we wish also to intersperse those reflections, which unheeding fashion too easily dispenses with.

THE HON. Mrs. FERNONVILLE.

" How dost thou risk the soul-distracting view,
" As, from her naked limbs of glowing white,
" Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand,
" In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn, ...
" And fair exposed she stood ?"

THOMPS. Summer.

WITH an high degree of momentary rapture and delight, on the glow of roseate bloom, on the bewitching dimpled smiles of an Hebe, on the cupid-like, infantine softness of an alabaster pair of handsome shoulders exposed to public view, to attract universal attention on a bosom, whose whiteness and firmness create the idea of Pygmalion's animated marble, the admiring eye rests itself, and finds these charms combined, in the Honorable Mrs. Fernonville.

The Honorable Edward Fernonville, the husband of this beautiful lady, was the younger son of a noble family; and, as is too often the case with younger brothers, was under the necessity of seeking in a foreign country to ameliorate that

fortune which was too small to satisfy his ardent spirit, or in any degree to make that kind of figure in England, his rank in life required.

He was not disappointed in his pursuits and expectations: he returned to his native land, after realizing an immense fortune; which his lady as well as himself, knew how to expend in every species of gratification, which fashion, extravagance, and dissipation, hold out to their votaries.

The present ease of dress and manners adopted in England, highly pleased Mrs. Fernonville, and not to be outdone in any one instance of enlarged ideas and liberty of thinking and acting for herself, she gave into the most unbounded licence of manners, and seemed ambitious of appearing in the eyes of the world, by her half-dressed figure, and all her outward manners, a female libertine.

Visists at the Bed-side.

We sincerely believe that it was only a giddy levity, yet it approached so near to absolute impropriety in her dress, manners, and language, that her female friends of respectability have been often put to the blush for her conduct, and even gentlemen have sometimes been compelled to acknowledge, that Mrs. Fernonville's behaviour was really too bad!

On a morning, perhaps, a gentleman might happen to call too early, after she had been sitting up all the night before with a party of inebriated *bon-vivants;* for on those occasions Mrs. Fernonville never quitted the room, but would sit and laugh with them, and cool their wine and ices for them with her own fair hands; so incorrect, so truly thoughtless in her conduct, unheeding what the world might say, she has accompanied them from the scene of bacchanalian riot, when

they were not even company for each other, much less for ladies. And if after such scenes, or those of a similar nature, which had kept her up during the night, any gentleman might chance to call, to pay his respects to her; without any regard to decorum, he was ushered into her chamber, and she received him literally at her *ruelle!*

Was the weather very sultry, or did she wish to be equipped as much as possible in the style of the Medicean Venus, she was perfectly indifferent when she entered almost without covering, into a large party, about the multitude of gentlemen which might happen to be there collected; but said aloud in their hearing (nay, she would not mind addressing her discourse to them;) "Well, I have nothing on but my gown and *chemise!*" While every little shallow art has been put in practice to draw their attention,

either by the caresses of children, or other manœuvres, to a most beautiful, though indelicately-exposed, bosom.

The amiable and modest Lady Harriet Norton, though she cannot be easily warped by the conduct, nor adopt in the smallest instance the manners, of Mrs. Fernonville, yet the consequences derived from the acquaintance of Lady Harriet to Mrs. Fernonville, has made that Lady ever desirous of being in all her parties; and she has cultivated the acquaintance with eagerness, pretending a great affection for Lady Harriet; and, when in her company, she has generally endeavoured to induce Lady Harriet to think like herself; but that is impossible; yet her example and manners are dangerous, it is not improbable, but what she may make Lady Harriet not quite so cheerfully contented as formerly; for it is the invariable aim of Mrs. Fernonville, and most ladies of her description, to depreciate

gentleness and prudence in wives; but more particularly do they inveigh against submission, and it is the constant maxim she preaches up to Lady Harriet, that, for her part, no husband shall ever dictate to her! and then she will endeavour to persuade the meek and gentle Lady, to order her carriage, whenever she thinks proper, and drive wherever she pleases.

All such advices are incapable of turning a mind of rectitude, like Lady Harriet's; but how many are there, and excellent young women too, who are not so shielded by strength of mind, and to whose happiness and tranquil content Mrs. Fernonville might do the most serious injury! Lady Harriet Norton is wedded to one of the worthiest of men; but his health often suffers from indisposition: Was she not the most affectionate of wives, who delights in the happiness she feels only as she imparts felicity

Conclusion.

to her husband, how easily might she be led to believe her situation, not only very uncomfortable, but unhappy; and by asserting her rights, and suffering no one to dictate to her, as Mrs. Fernonville advises, she might render herself actually and indeed completely wretched. We hope, however, that she will be superior to this, and justify still the truth of these lines, once addressed to her by her accomplished husband:

" —Son cœur a comme les Dieux
" Le privilége d'etre heureux
" Et le bonheur d'en faire!"

SIR CHARLES GRAINGER,

AND

LADY INGLEBY.

"Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?" HORAT. ii. 17.

COME, come, I am weary of so much *snivelling!*" said Sir Charles Grainger to the unfortunate Lady Ingleby; who now seeing the glaring effects of her imprudence and folly in their true light, wept over that happiness which for her was gone by, never to be recalled; to that fame which was clouded for ever; and for that once-adored child, whose interests she had slighted and disregarded in the moment of unheeding passion.

Such was the result, Sir Charles, of thy cloyed affection! Such is the treatment the woman must consequently expect who forgets the most sacred duty; and such is the gratitude too often shown by unthankful man.

A Seducer is a faithless Friend.

But ought such to have been the language of Sir Charles Grainger to a female who had braved the frowns of the world, who had forfeited for his sake all claims to respect, all future title to conjugal quiet and happiness? That her mind had a strong sense of what ought to have been her duty, Sir Charles must have seen, when she fled from her own noble mansion, where she lived honoured and beloved, to place herself under his protection. Her young mind, first seduced by him, and then having become a guilty wife, she scorned to carry deceit and falshood to the arms of her husband; and abandoning that honour and reputation, which she might still have lived in amongst the unsuspecting circle of her acquaintance, she openly confessed her guilt by elopement, and fled to hide her shame in the bosom of her betrayer.

Of a family, as respectable for their virtues as for their riches and nobility, Sir

A Family formed to please the Fair.

Charles had enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign; had acquitted himself with honor in the station assigned him, and received that approbation from a grateful government which he merited. The family of the Graingers might be said, in every respect, to be formed to please the fair; handsome in person, insinuating in manners, brave, and elegantly accomplished!

When such are the temptations thrown in the way of an inexperienced young female; who perhaps finds not her loveliness, her merit, her affectionate heart, and correct conduct, treated with that warmth of gratitude they deserve, what are we to expect? A faithless husband too often makes a faithless wife, and what but the natural fickleness and depravity of nature, seemingly inherent in the composition of man, can render him so? Does the term *wife* carry with it an antidote to love and constancy.—The conduct of

many of our fashionables would induce us to imagine it did. We do not directly say, that Lord Ingleby was one of these inconstants; but when rumour is busy in spreading such reports, when private letters, which were brought forth as proofs to condemn a deluded female, glance in a most marked and pointed manner, on the duty of constancy and fidelity in an husband, and recommend its charms, by adverting to the conduct, and enforcing the example of a faithful domestic quadruped, then we may naturally suppose, that rumour for once had truth on her side.

The outrageously virtuous will perhaps call these remarks, a palliation for guilt; no, they are not so intended; the writer of these pages is as much shocked to see the rapid progress of vice, and the frequent repetition of a breach of conjugal duty as any one can possibly be. We do not by any means excuse the adultress;

A great example of Mercy.

but we compassionate her when not wholly abandoned; and shall we, who are unexposed, perhaps, to temptation, dare to withhold our pity, when HE, whose attributes are mercy and compassion, not only pitied her who was taken in adultery, but forgave! The "naked human heart," was open to his view, and he knew when to withdraw as when to display his mercy. Man, who cannot discriminate, is most like Him when he shews compassion!

After a man has, for his own gratification, deprived a woman, not only of her virtue, but of the countenance of the world, he is bound by every principle worthy the heart and mind of a gentleman, not only to protect, support, and screen her person from future insult, but to treat her with unremitting tenderness and friendship; he is to endeavour to hush and soothe her sorrow, however self-acquired, however well-merited: he

Money a compensation for Shame.

is to "bind up her broken heart," and speak peace to her afflicted conscience; to lead her back again, if possible, to virtue, but not with

"Hard unkindness' alter'd eye
"Mock the tear he caused to flow!"

An eminent Pleader at the Bar, on a late similar occasion, says, "The rabble will hoot at a man as he passes in the situation of a *Cornuto*, if his rank stands particularly high!" Yet noblemen appear very desirous of convincing the world, that they wear the fashionable ornaments, with which the modern wives of the last and present century choose to adorn their brows. They are not afraid of being "hooted as they pass," so as they do but get a few thousand pounds damages; and laughing in their sleeves, they say with La Fontaine:

"Pour toutes ces raisons je persiste en ma These:
"Cocuage est un bien."

A Parallel.

The warm-hearted and ardent-headed Hibernian, when he is convinced of the infidelity of his fair partner, makes no scruple of punishing her and her guilty lover, and shooting them both through the body. Here a husband will get rid of a wife he is already tired of, whom he has perverted first by his own ill-example; but he will first take care to get something by her, and fill his purse. Nature is at first shocked at the conduct of the former, not reflecting that in this instance, he shews himself truly her offspring. He loved his wife, perhaps he loves her still; then what is life without her? The thoughts of an ignominious death, which may follow his rash action, does not enter his mind. His happiness here, by the infidelity of his wife, is blighted for ever. And if her depraved conduct creates hatred in that breast, where love has once reigned, does he think of gaining a paltry pittance by pro-

claiming his infamy to the world? No, bravely impetuous, he punishes her guilt himself; nor lets the seducer escape, if he can get him in his power.

As to the harmony subsisting between Lord and Lady Ingleby, it is the common-place detail of a crim. con. trial. People in high life, and knowing no other behaviour than politeness of manners, will never break out in recriminations or asperity before the world, particularly in the presence of those who are come on a visit, to reside under their roof, for a short period of time, unless they are notoriously unhappy in their union indeed.

It is urged, that Lady Ingleby was an *affectionate* wife; Lord Ingleby an *attentive* husband; so is a polished Frenchman, who marries a woman he dislikes, and intrigues with every one who falls in his way: yet what obsequions lover

My Lord not perfectly right.

could shew himself more outwardly *aux petits soins* to the most adored mistress, than he does to *Madame son Epouse?*

When the unhappy Lady Ingleby was accused by her lord of her crime, her own heart and conscience told her, she was guilty. She denied, she confessed nothing! but fled in a distracted moment from the dwelling of her injured husband. Her letters, which were so incorrectly exposed in order to criminate Sir Charles Grainger, seem, if read with precision, to prove that something was not altogether right on the part of Lord Ingleby, whom she appears to endeavour to draw towards her by the strength of her affection. She warns him against fraud and deceit, and the irritation they constantly produce in the mind of the person deceived.

It is hard if a lady is to be denied the society of a male friend, of agreeable

and elegant manners, either at her own dwelling, or to accompany her in walking; and though there is no doubt left of Lady Ingleby's guilt, we are sorry to be compelled to say so; yet why are such flimzy proofs adduced, as there is, in general, on these occasions? A wife is always criminated on the testimony of servants!

If a lady separates from a female domestic when she meets a gentleman of rank in her walks, that is brought forward as a convincing proof of her infidelity to her husband; as if a nursery-maid ought to walk familiarly with a titled lady and an ambassador! This would be adopting the system of equality indeed!

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines."

Better, much better will it be for Lady Ingleby to quit her seducer*, and

* There is something glaringly shocking and truly intolerable in the conduct of an adultress, who, after

Reflections.

employ her days in retirement, and the deploring of her fault. To her husband's roof she can never return; his doors will for ever be closed against her re-entrance; let her endeavour by her future conduct to deserve that pity the compassionate part of the world are in a degree yet disposed to afford her; and which she must for ever lose by continuing to live in a professed state of guilty infidelity: resolutely

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witnessing her shame publicly proclaimed in a respectable and nearly infallible court of justice, flies to the perfidious arms of the man who has deprived her of true happiness and real pleasure, and scandalously lives with him, walks and rides with him, pays visits and receives company with him, as if the sacred ties of matrimony had joined their hands. Meanwhile the injured husband sets melancholy at home, deploring his misfortune, and the loss of a treasure much above the damages allowed him.

——— "at ille
"Flet noctem, lectoque jacens in cœlibe, planctum
"Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet."

Reflections continued.

let her break from him, unless he proves that he has preserved his esteem for her, and, by his attentions may, some day, deserve her hand in a lawful way. Let us indulge the pleasing hope that a Divorce-Bill may pass, and that the sacred veil of matrimony will cover and conceal, for ever, from public view, former irregularities.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

" Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
" Occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti."
CLAUDIAN.

THE mansion that the Duchess of Pyrmont was become a temporary inhabitant of, was a bequest left solely to her, by the Duke of Benningsen her father, entirely independent of her husband. In the will it was expressly ordered, that she should reside at it three months every summer.

This the Duke of Benningsen had planned in the ardour of paternal affection; he saw the unbounded love of his daughter for a life of dissipation, and mindful of her health, he knew he should thus ensure her a pure salubrious air, far remote from any of those fashionable country haunts, where the nobility in general carry down their vices, pleasures, and dissipated habits, destroying their health as much as in the smoky air of London.

Anxiously concerned also to see a mind so devoted to fashion, he reflected that after her marriage with the Duke of Pyrmont, all parental admonition would be of no avail: he therefore hoped that by an annual residence in this beautiful rural spot, she might have leisure to look into her own conduct, and be induced, from the examination, to regulate it better. That period, however, was not yet arrived, and the Duchess was like a prisoner of state, thinking herself the most unhappy woman in the world, to have this restriction put upon her time and choice.

As the Duke her husband was not included in this order, he never accompanied her; he was five years younger than she was, and their interests, pursuits, and inclinations, had long been separate. He once knew his wife was the handsomest woman at Court; as such he was vain of her. Her fortune was immense, so

was his own; but beautiful and followed as she was before her marriage, he would not have wedded her without her large portion. As has been said before, they were not unlike in disposition, but they hated more than they regarded each other, and mutually divided their society.

The children of the Duchess accompanied her partly from compulsion, partly from choice, as the Duke of Benningsen had desired that they should at least pass some time there with their mother, or forfeit the estate at her death.

One morning, just after the noble trio in the country had taken their breakfast, two visitors were announced; one was the Duke of Westbury, the other was Lord Orton.

If vulgarity of manners, hard-drinking, boisterous mirth, and a carbuncled face, might interest at first appearance,

recommend the owner, and evince the man of fashion, then the Duke might rank high for his emblematical merit.

His boots appeared as if they had not been cleaned for months; a large coachman's coat, a whip in his hand, and a coloured silk-handkerchief round his neck, ornamented his person: But he soon found out, that it was "confounded hot!" so throwing his whip into the hall, he called to his "Scoundrel," to come and take his coat; he then discovered on the bosom of his linen, which was not of the whitest hue, the two famous gladiators of the eighteenth century, of exquisite workmanship, in correct and diminutive gold figures, and which formed a shirt-broach.

"Well, my Lady Duchess," said he, "I promised, you know, to come and see you, and here I am, with my whey-drinking friend, Orton! Do, Waltham, let your butler give me something to

drink; I am confounded thirsty." "Your Grace shall have breakfast immediately," said Lady Charlotte, "Oh! no, no, I thank you," said his elegant Grace, "I breakfasted long ago, on eggs, ham and ale; and I want something better to drink than tea or chocolate."

Different white wines were then presented on his calling for wine. "Put some Madeira on the side-board," said the Duke, "I'll help myself." His Grace then poured out a pint goblet of Madeira, nearly full, and completing the measure of it with brandy, as a *qualifier*, according to his own expression, he drank it off at one draught, to the astonishment of Lady Charlotte. "Do you ever mean to grow any taller, Waltham," said the Duke. Then rapidly changing the subject, he said, "Come, my good fellow, shew me your horses; I am now inclined to make the exchange with you we have talked about some time;—My Steam-En-

gine against your High Flyer; what say you, hey, my fine one?"

The Marquis knew the Duke did not scruple taking an undue advantage in horse-dealing, which he would call the fair game of jockeyism, and that something of that kind now was the purport of his visit, said, "I have altered my mind, for since you last took the knowing ones in with Steam-Engine, at Newmarket, he seems to be no favourite on the turf: High-flyer beat Haverton's Knowing-Bess, at the conclusion of the sport, and I cannot think of parting with him." "Oh! you're off, are you?" said the Duke, "but come along, we may as well go and look at the cattle: How many *bits of real blood* have you now in your stud?"—"My dear Lord Duke," said the Marquis, "my stud is not here;—I have only High-flyer and Lady-Teazle here" "Do, my dear *Lady Fairface*," said the Duke, turning to his companion, "let me persuade you to take the same cosmetic I have done,

Jack Spindle, pourtrayed.

and then, my lily-faced Orton, you will look as rosy."

Lady Charlotte could not forbear a smile at the associations of cosmetics and a rose on the flaming countenance before her; but the feeble voice of Lord Orton, saying he should prefer a glass of lemonade, made her turn her eyes towards him.

He was of a delicate, fair complexion, and very diminutive in stature, with a pair of legs of a remarkable thinness; for which the quizzers of the day had given him the name of Jack Spindle, which was generally the appellation he was known by in his absence: present, his society was courted, because he was immensely rich, but very shallow and superficial in his understanding; and though the Duke of Westbury was the inheritor of great wealth, and ruled like a little king over two of the richest counties in England, yet the sports of the turf, fre-

The Portrait continued.

quent, and not always successful visits at Boodle's, a settled stipend paid in St. James's place to a certain Lady Abbess, another to an extravagant actress, who had once been the Duke's reigning favourite, together with the expences attendant on constant inebriation, and other destructive pleasures, made him often obliged to his delicate little friend for pecuniary assistance.

To finish the portrait of Lord Orton, who now took up the attention of Lady Charlotte Stanmore, he was the most disproportionate of figures, for with his fairy body and small face, his hands and feet were large, and his mouth wide: his little face, as he turned towards Lady Charlotte, was almost hid in the envelopement of his cravat and a large pair of sandy-coloured whiskers.

"Perhaps your Lordship will take tea or coffee," said Lady Charlotte. "I have

How to spoil and weaken a Child.

already taken tea, Lady Charlotte," he replied, "and though I am fonder of it than any other beverage, I dread its effect on my nerves." "Chocolate, sir?" said the Duchess. "Oh, my dear Lady Duchess, it is too heavy for my stomach." "Take a good glass of brandy!" vociferated the Duke. The little Lord smiled, and looked on his friend with admiration.

Lord Orton was an only child, and having lost his father in his infancy, was left to the care of a foolishly fond mother, who always fancied the dear boy was sick; she therefore rendered a naturally strong child unhealthy; impeded his growth by confinement, and destroyed his nervous system by the continual fear she imparted to his mind, on every slight indisposition incident to children, that he was certainly dying.

After the dowager's death, he became acquainted with the Duke of Westbury;

Vain efforts at Imitation.

he admired him above all men he had ever seen; he longed to launch out and be like him, but habit had become second nature, and nature herself had formed him a very different being from his dear Duke. He was ambitious, however, to imitate him, but could not; and whenever he endeavoured to pluck up a spirit to act in any degree like him, he always felt his old puny habits, of trembling nerves and delicacy of appetite, return worse, and more confirmed than ever. At one time of his life he was in danger of becoming a martyr to his silly imitation; for he drank brandy in a morning with the Duke, and reduced his nerves to a more alarming state of weakness, and his legs to a smaller dimension, than before.

The Duke was afraid he should lose his dear, useful friend, and consulted some confidential doctors to put him under a regimen, which, by strictly observing, Lord Orton is yet permitted, a little

Elegant Conversation without meaning.

longer, to do honour to the name of his wealthy ancestors.

"Well, my dear Duchess," said the Duke of Westbury, throwing himself on the vacant seat beside her, "you appear as lovely as ever; the country agrees with you; you and Lady Charlotte are as blooming as two roses!"

"That flower seems a favourite simile with your Grace," said Lady Charlotte, as she viewed his poppy-coloured face.—"Tell me," said the Duchess, "as you have just left town, is any body there? I had rather stay in Portman-square all the summer long, and not one living creature of fashion but myself in London, than be imprisoned here."

"O, yes, really," said the Duke, "I agree with you, Duchess; constraint is a horrid bore: and I can assure you,

there really are some decent people yet left in London."

"Pray," said the Duchess, "though it is a strange enquiry to ask after an husband, but have you seen any thing of the Duke of Pyrmont?" "Only parted from him the night before last," replied the Duke of Westbury; "we were all together supping at his Cousin Tom's, and we were as happy as wine, love, and mirth, could make us."

"His cousin Tom's!" echoed the Duchess; "why, Pyrmont has neither uncle nor aunt; what cousin can he have?"

"Oh! I will tell you, my dear lady Duchess," said the Duke, first laughing immoderately. "Cousin Tom is the name a good-natured convenient fellow goes by, who keeps a house of accommodation in one of the Squares of the me-

His Friends and Customers.

tropolis. I know you are not of a jealous disposition, or I would not tell you that your dear Duke is one of the firmest supporters of Cousin Tom's house (that is the *slang* name he goes by.) Many of the married nobility keep up the credit, and support the expences, of the house, myself for one."

Lady Charlotte unaffectedly blushed: the Duchess had too much high fashion about her, and freedom of modern manners, to be easily abashed. She said, "Really the *sobriquets* and *equivoques* of men of fashion, which you are pleased to denominate *slang*, are so copious, that they require an explanatory dictionary; and a woman, who is in the smallest degree precise, must never open her lips to ask the sense of what she does not immediately comprehend."

This the Duchess uttered with the most unassumed indifference; she could

listen to a recital of the Duke of Pyrmont's intrigues, though he was her husband, with the utmost *sang froid;* and the knowledge and conviction of his repeated infidelities, had never given her one momentary pang *.

" I think," said the Marquis of Waltham, " the pure and immaculate Sir Edward Moreton, never went to Cousin Tom's."—" No," said his Grace, " I would bet my ducal coronet against young *Curlin,* my wife's pug dog, that he would not go there for all the universe could offer."

* It is that degradation of manners, which cannot be too much lamented, and certainly will, in the end, overthrow society, and reduce us to universal barbarism; it is that deplorable indifference of husbands and wives for their mutual faults, which is, as here depicted, some of the greatest evils of our times. It has called upon a neighbouring nation the vengeance of Heaven; let us be aware of its effects.

Conclusion.

The allusions of his Grace, unobserving of the noble females who were present, becoming rather indecorous, they quitted the apartment to dress for dinner. The Duchess, though she still hated solitude, was not sorry when her boisterous guest, accompanied by his delicate companion, "who shivered at a breeze," concluded the visit. She listened with much more pleasure to sketches of fashionable characters, than to the very common-place topics of *tonish* dissipation, especially when given in the coarse language of so disgusting an orator as the Duke of Westbury.

SIR EDWARD MORETON.

"Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus." JUVENAL.

HERE, no City addresses, no congratulations on a beloved Sovereign's recovery from severe indisposition, invested the noble ancestors of this worthy young Baronet, Sir Edward Moreton, with the title; his family, almost as ancient as Baronetage, were distinguished in several reigns for their valour and their public virtues.

To go back as far only as the present Sir Edward Moreton's grandfather, we shall find him enjoying his immense wealth during a long peace; and having sufficient to bequeath his son to live independent of all parties in the cabinet or the field, he left him the sole male heir to his riches, without bringing him up to any of those public professions so

A Character

many of the nobility embrace from choice.

The late Sir Edward Moreton did not live to a very advanced age, and left this present Sir Edward, his eldest son, in possession of the title and chief estates.

This extraordinary and amiable young man, appearing eccentric only to those votaries of fashion who plunge into every species of dissipation and extravagance, is now about twenty-three years of age; a love of study has imparted a seriousness and precision to his thoughts, and has caused him to investigate the characters of mankind with scrupulous care. As his chief society is confined to high and fashionable life, he is sensibly shocked at the conduct of most of the young men of the present age: but he beholds their follies without any degree of puritanism, and he only makes use of his observations to bring home to his

own mind an useful guide, to steer and regulate his own conduct by.

In all the ardour of uncontaminated youth, with an admiration of all that he finds lovely in the female sex, he yet retains that purity of conduct, so little known, so little thought of, even by the fashionable world: as the adorning of his person takes up but a very little portion of his time or attention, his intellectual ornaments are of the highest value; he is generous where he knows generosity will be acceptable, where it will be well bestowed and gratefully acknowledged by the silent thanks of the heart; but he lavishes not his money away in a ridiculous and prodigal manner, nor ever suffers himself to be duped and imposed upon because he is a wealthy man. Thus he looks into and inspects his own affairs, and, trusting not wholly to his steward, knows the extent

of his fortune, and calculates how far and how well he may expend it.

He is greatly shocked, and that without any fastidious affectation of virtue, at one reprehensible part of the conduct of the rich and great; which disgust, in so young a man, often draws a smile from the high-born and insolent: he feels it in his own breast; and he expresses it aloud to his most valued friends, that he cannot imagine why any man, because he is born a nobleman, can think himself authorised to treat his inferiors with contempt and arrogance; or, because another has well-filled coffers, that he should believe they give him a licence to lavish their contents in guilty and destructive pleasures, and thereby set so dangerous an example to those beneath them.

Sir Edward Moreton is old-fashioned and eccentric enough frequently to utter these, his virtuous sentiments; to which he adds and sincerely feels, that truly

Conclusion.

noble principle, which teaches him that the higher the station to which a person is elevated, so much the more pure and circumspect should be his conduct.

Yet, though so amply possessed of all the milder virtues, Sir Edward Moreton knew what was due to his high consequence and dignity. He knew how to maintain that consequence in a cool determined manner, such as ever characterises the true gentleman; nor would he suffer the nearest or most dear of his relatives to interfere with his concerns, or in any degree to warp or counteract those principles of his exalted mind, which he was conscious were those of rectitude, and which were founded on the sure basis of virtue*.

"Rara avis in terris alboque similtima corvo."

* This character, being truly after nature, Sir Barnaby had an uncommon deal of satisfaction in painting it, and he performed the whole *con amore!*

THE

HON. MRS. EGERTON;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF CALUMNY.

"Sæpe oculi et aures Vulgi testes sunt mali." P. Syrus.

This is the Lady, whom the Marquis of Waltham had taken so much notice of, as the friend of Lady Laura Pemberton.

The vicissitudes of life, some few years absence from her native country, and the effect of slanderous tongues, had made such a change in her countenance, (which yet could not be entirely divested of its powers of pleasing,) that she was *méconnoisable* to the fashionables of London, when she returned to England to take up her residence there.

At an early age she fled from the boarding-school, and married an officer,

several years her *Senior*. Though not possessed of one regular feature, except a beautiful set of teeth, inclosed in a small, well-shaped mouth, yet, an animated complexion, a most exuberant flow of spirits, then unchecked by care, and unassailed by calumny, gave brilliancy to a pair of eyes, which were always expressive of a great share of meaning, and imparted to her whole countenance that irresistible *je ne sçais quoi*, which is sure to charm, as the Marquis of Waltham justly said, "We know not how, or why."

The longer a person is known, so much more does this indescribable attraction please; but, unfortunately, it pleases the men most; and creates envy, and often dislike, in the bosoms of the female sex.

Emancipated from the rigorous rules of the boarding-school, thrown into the company of crowds of Officers, who every

Becomes giddy.

time they conversed with her, admired her the more, the change of scene, so different from that she had been accustomed to, almost turned her little head, and she became giddy, thoughtless, and perhaps in some degree imprudent, but nothing more. She loved her husband with the warmest and most sincere affection, but yet she loved to see scarlet beaux fluttering about her.

Pleased with the admiration she excited, and which was generally more directed to her talents than her person, her husband often encouraged those men, who however they may appear charmed with the hospitality of the husband, and the wit and vivacity of the wife, have yet no other views, than to drink the good man's wine, meet parties, play cards, pass jovial evenings, and cry quit in the hour of distress.

The Honourable Major Brereton, the

Creates envy, and causes eclat.

husband of Mrs. Egerton, was a fashionable man in his customs and manners, but possessed of all the warm and ardent affections of the heart: while another gentleman was at hand, he never could bear the idea of being his wife's escort; and, though in private they were like the most fond and constant lovers, yet they took no more notice of each other in public, than if they were absolute strangers: thus Mrs. Brereton had always a train of danglers to attend her in her walks, either in the morning or the evening: and at balls, had been engaged to partners twelve deep, had disappointed half of them, caused discontent among the rest, and some *eclat*, by such thoughtless conduct; and thus set the tongues of the malevolent, (particularly of the old and ugly) at work, on her unguarded and apparent partiality.

By degrees, she observed a visible change in the manners of her female

She quizzes and writes Epigrams.

acquaintance towards her; at length they almost entirely fell off; and her husband, by the few prudent men who are sometimes found in the army, was treated with distance and coldness.

Mrs. Brereton was possessed of brilliant talents; she quizzed, with mortifying severity, some eccentric characters of high military rank, in little pasquinades and witty epigrams: they were handed round amongst her friends; her enemies, it should rather have been said: for they exposed them, and exposed them to those very persons, for whom they were so palpably intended: this, therefore, was imagined by the Major and his wife to be the cause of the present coolness: she desisted from her *quizzings;* thought the breeze would soon blow over, and laughed, walked and danced, as usual, with the gay, *male* throng who now, *alone*, frequented the Major's quarters.

Acquires new Acquaintances.

At length the curtain was undrawn. A lady of high rank came from a distant quarter: she was the female friend and patroness of a learned physician, who truly admired Mrs. Brereton's unaffected, intellectual merit; was amused and delighted by the happy flow of spirits she united to a depth of erudition, and was her sincere friend and adviser: He was determined to raise the consequence of Mrs. Brereton by introducing his noble friend to her; for when she should be seen in her elegant and correct society, he knew how much it would raise her to dignity and respect; and how sure it would establish it; that her female acquaintance would then return to, and seek her company with eagerness.

His true knowledge of the world, made him well know, that, though the society of such women as compose the greatest part of the fashionable world, is often such as it would be much more agree-

The Army a dangerous place for a young Female.

able to dispense with, yet, that, a young female, possessed of that liveliness for which Mrs. Brereton was remarkable, is in a dangerous situation, in the army, in point of character, if divested of companions of her own sex, especially if her acquaintance with the opposite sex is numerous.

The wish of his heart was about to be realised. The lady arrived in the garrison; they all met at a ball: she entreated the Doctor with an energy which rather surprised him, not then to introduce her to Mrs. Brereton; carefully shunned her, and sat as far from her as possible at supper.

The Marchioness of Adingbroke, though arrived at a certain age, was yet a fine woman, and her rank, more than that, made her the object of general attention: the gentlemen all crowded round the illustrious guest, and though they did not

desert Mrs. Brereton, they addressed her in a style of easy and almost impertinent familiarity she had never experienced before, and she went home dull and dispirited.

The next morning Major Brereton went to London on business for a few days. While Mrs. Brereton was taking her breakfast, her friend the Doctor was announced. His mind seemed labouring with something he knew not how to give utterance to. Mrs. Brereton was his friend and *confidente*; his own story was deeply interesting, and she had wept at its recital with him; for this "laughter-loving dame" *could* weep, and tenderly feel for others.

Anxiety and scrutiny were painted in his feeling eyes; his cheek was palid, and his oft-begun sentences trembled on his tongue, fearful of inflicting the wound, he knew they must give.

Mrs. Brereton rallied him on his want of spirits; but at last she appeared to catch the infectious anxiety, and eagerly asked him, what was the matter?

He then, without farther reserve, unfolded a scene of calumny to her astonished hearing, which deprived her for ever of the countenance of the Marchioness of Adingbroke, which drew the character of Mrs. Brereton in the most odious light, as the worst of wives, and the most licentious of women; and had solemnly asserted, as facts of her abandoned conduct, what had never been in existence. But some bore this testimony of their truth, that she could not deny having walked at such an hour, and in such a place, with one officer; or at a very late hour in the evening, during a sultry summer, with another..... That the same vain unprincipled men have sneered when they were accused, and with a knowing laugh have declared, they were too much

Falls in a Swoon.

men of honour to betray any lady's secrets, or the confidence she might be pleased to honour them with.

The Doctor almost repented of acquainting Mrs. Brereton with these cruel attacks upon her fame; the effect the knowledge of them had upon her mind caused her a violent hysteric fit.—The Doctor carried her to her chamber, soothed her, stayed with her till she recovered, and pressed her to his bosom with fatherly tenderness, as he parted from her, unseeing as unheeding the maid servant, who just entered the apartment. Her hysteric shrieks of laughter, her faintings, the Doctor's friendly adieu, reached the ears of the neighbours. Her husband was absent—the Doctor was an elegant, good-looking man, in the prime of life ... The calumny levelled against her increased, and Lady Adingbroke told her medical friend, she was very sorry that he had added to the number of those who had

fallen victims to the fascinations of Major Brereton's *immodest* wife.

How little did she deserve such a cruel epithet! Her mind, as well as her person, was pure, and uncontaminated. The unmerited slander which attacked her, had a mournful effect on her health and spirits. She investigated her own conduct, but so free did she find it from *intentional* blame, that it never once occurred to her as the cause.

Major Brereton, on his arrival from London, found her changed: Oh! how changed!..... She had no idea of the mischief which might ensue, but thoughtlessly told him all! His heart, wrapped up in her, and knowing her innocence, he comforted and urged her, improperly, to set her enemies at defiance, by launching again into her former gaieties.—"Never," replied she; "if the world again shall

choose to countenance me, I will not put it in their power to say, that I am slandered on account of my own giddy behaviour."—"Why," said the Major, "I have heard as much of you in London as would fill a small volume: But my busy secret-telling friends are all withheld, by pretended honour, from giving up their authors."—"Say, does my dear Laura Pemberton," asked Mrs. Brereton, "does she too follow the multitude?"—"Oh! never," said the Major; "do not so wrong her: she, like me, knows the innate purity of your heart, and that, even your ardent imagination cannot lead you to guilt."

However, after a little time, Mrs. Brereton, by the prudence of her conduct, by the extended knowledge of her high connexions, found her society again flattered and courted, but it was but for a short period. When once a female cha-

racter is assailed, it is made a pretext, on every occasion, for capricious or purposed neglect.

That which generally causes the world to fall off, reduction of fortune, now bereft her of high and fashionable friends: the extravagant dissipation in which the Major and his wife had lived, brought innumerable and heavy debts upon them, and an execution was lodged in their house.

A foreign nobleman, of high rank undertook the affairs of his friend, who was again re-established, in some degree of comfort: But now the envenomed tongue of slander pointed its keenest darts against Mrs. Brereton, and even against the honourable principles of the Major, as conniving at the transgressions of his wife. He retired, in disgust, from the army; which, though a liberal school in itself, he often found retained both

tutors and apt pupils in the art of scandal. He had lost his friend, the Doctor, and the secret of who were the principal traducers of his wife, that fatal secret died with him.

The calumniated couple repaired to London; but, as Mrs. Brereton could not give splendid entertainments, nor have very large parties, she was always spoken of with invective when absent, and treated with cold neglect when present.

She had a kind of equivocal friend; but she was one who attacked her insiduously. This woman was highly respected in the fashionable circles, though she had been only the Governess of that school, from whence Mrs. Brereton escaped just before her marriage. She always shook her head, in pity, at the detail of Mrs. Brereton's imprudences; but destroyed that pity, by saying, "Mrs. Brereton was really old enough to know

better, and that great talents, like her's, when abused, rendered the possessor doubly criminal." But she never was known to utter one sentence to extenuate or excuse her. When Mrs. Brereton first entered the army, she regularly corresponded with her. But Mrs. Brereton could not now make her accustomed figure in the world; and, rich herself, and loving riches and shew, the *ci-devant* Governess would rather countenance one, who had lived as a professed mistress to a Baronet during his wife's life-time; and now that she was become the Baronet's wife, and was possessed of a title and a carriage, she was her dearest bosom friend.

Mrs. Brereton found Lady Laura Pemberton invariably her friend; but the misfortunes which at that time assailed that angelic woman, afforded her not the power of raising her in the eyes of the world, and giving her that consequence she wished.

The Cloud clears up.

Major Brereton quitted London, and retired to a small village near Weymouth, on the remains of his broken fortune. He had quitted the service, but its habits could not wholly be laid aside; where he found the military, he naturally associated with them; and the inhabitants of the village expressed their wonder to each other, who that fine-painted dashing kept-woman was, who was always walking about with the foreign officers that were quartered there.

This, however, was soon cleared up. The constant invitations she received and accepted of, to balls and concerts, where the first characters attended: her respectable friends and relations, well known, who called on her in their way to Weymouth, soon shewed Mrs. Brereton to be the honoured wife of a gentleman, and the beloved kinswoman of some of the first families in the kingdom for nobility and virtue.

She goes to the East Indies.

Out of humour with her unkind and ungrateful country-women, she prevailed on her husband to permit her to accompany him to the East Indies, where a lucrative situation was offered him; and where, after staying a few years, a distant relation to the Major's, of the name of Egerton, bequeathed him his immense fortune and his name.

Never could wealth have offered itself in a more welcome, nor in a more seasonable hour: They departed for England, with their minds tutored by a knowledge of the world, and their extravagant propensities checked by the experience of pecuniary embarrassment.

To the ardent vivacity of Mrs. Brereton, succeeded the soft resignation and equalised cheerfulness of Mrs. Egerton. Her eyes sparkled not with their wonted life and fire; but they gleamed with a smile

indicative of what they *had* been: she was thinner and paler, but she was more interesting. She appeared to look forward with hope; it was the sweet hope that calumny will not again assail her, and it never will while she is very rich ! ! !

SIR THEODORE BRYDGES.

"Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor." SENECA.

THIS is a kind of character which we should hope seldom appears on the great theatre of life; a disgrace to the part allotted him; presenting only to the beholders a picture of depravity and vice, instead of following the steps of virtue chalked out for him at his entrance into polished life, by virtuous instructors and anxious parents.

By such a man as Sir Theodore Brydges is the female mind and character destroyed; watching, like the wily crocodile, how he can draw into his power unsullied virgin innocence and conjugal honour; both are equally his predestined prey. He admires the modesty of the bashful maid, destroys what he admires, and then deserts her; he is

charmed with beholding an affectionate wife; like the first tempter, he watches the endearments of an happy couple, resolves to undermine and destroy that felicity by every art which man can put in practice, and rests not till a wife's caresses are lavished on himself. So consummate is his artifice, so progressive the steps he takes, and the plans he lays for the seduction of a weak-minded young female, when his intended victim is married, that he gains first the friendly confidence of the wife, and by degrees a portion of that wife's tenderness, till she finds herself plunged at last in irremediable guilt; this renders her, who is not yet lost to the sense of virtue, odious to herself: unable to bear the burden of her crime, she becomes cheerless, she loses all her former gaiety; and the bright glow of beauty gone by, she becomes disgusting to him who has despoiled her of her charms and vivacity, who deserts and

abandons her to carry discord and anguish into the bosom of some other family.

The subject we shall first treat of, is Sir Theodore's seduction of a virtuous and innocent young female, the daughter of a respectable Ecclesiastic. Lovely in her person, mild and modest in her demeanor, the unfortunate Clarissa Wakefield could not yet be insensible to those delicate attentions paid her by a man of Sir Theodore's rank: In vain her mind, in the hour of reasoning reflection, would urge to her, that he was exalted too high above her, and that his heart-stealing blandishments might most probably be followed by illicit proposals. She shuddered at the idea; and the next time she saw him, received him with a becoming distance and reserve.

He had been accustomed to study, with care, that faihful picture of a youthful unsullied mind, the countenance;

and when he saw her fearful modesty painted on her's, he knew well how to be the kind and cheerful, though correct, friend: without hazarding one word that might glance on the subject of love, without giving one single pressure of the hand, and carefully to abstain from all particular conversation: his adieu rather bordered on coldness, and he took care that a long interval should take place before he repeated his visit. "I have been perhaps too rigid;" the sweet girl would say to herself—for the love he had already professed, the chastened softness of his former embraces had, unheedingly and insidiously, stolen into her bosom. "I see him not now, perhaps I shall never see him more, or, worse than all, perhaps he no longer loves me!"

She was anxious to prove to him, at their next interview, that he was by no means indifferent to her. But he watched her; he kept her in that continued state

of anxiety, till he saw the sure hold he had of her affections, trifled with them, and then basely

"Seized the minute of returning love."

Soon he left this lovely but unfortunate girl to deplore her fault, and execrate the hour that she lent an ear to this base betrayer. Charming as she was, she could not fix his inconstant and wavering heart, but for a very short period of time. Promiscuous and varied gallantry were best suited to the capricious sensuality of his ideas; and the unfortunate Countess of Lerranagh, the wife of an Irish Earl, was the next conspicuous object of his licentiousness.

We pass over his subaltern amours, in the interval which took place, between his treacherous seduction of the Clergyman's daughter, and that of his conduct

towards the lady in question; but we are told they were numerous.

Lady Lerranagh appeared to hold a longer empire over his inconstant heart than all his other female conquests; for the guilty commerce carried on between them, by circumstances which were brought to light, must have continued some length of time before it was discovered. One summer's evening led to the developement of this fatal transaction.

A few friends were on a visit to the Earl; a walk in the grounds was proposed, from which her Ladyship begged to be excused, alledging indisposition.

But as the party was returning homewards, late in the evening, to the surprise of Lord Lerranagh, they met her, leaning familiarly on the arm of Sir Theodore, without hat or shawl, and by no means

having the appearance of a person indisposed.

When retired to rest, her Lord told her that he thought she was very imprudent. Alas! good man, he little imagined her to be more; and it is a doubtful point whether he meant that she was imprudent, having a cold, to go out in the evening as she had done, or whether he alluded to her conduct with Sir Theodore Brydges.

The dreadful conviction of her guilt flushed in her face, and stuck its rankling arrows into her reproaching conscience. "Oh! my dear, my injured Lord," she cried, "I am more than imprudent! But hear me, on my knees, solemnly assert, I give up all future connexion and acquaintance with the vile seducer, Sir Theodore Brydges, who has made it his unremitting endeavour, ever since he

Continuation.

came to the house, to draw my affections from you, and possess my person!"

The character of Lord Lerranagh is mild, gentle and rational. Sir Theodore Brydges, thought he to himself, has acted the part of a villain, but I detest duelling: I will expostulate with him. Still he had no idea of the extent of his misery or his disgrace; no idea that his wife was actually guilty, but imagined she had only accused Sir Theodore to him for his want of honour, and herself as criminal in having listened to him, and not imparting his dishonourable proposals before to her husband.

They passed a wretched night. Lord Lerranagh dreaded the meeting with a man whom he had ever looked upon, and was yet willing to believe was still his friend: But for his honour, he knew the necessity of forever giving up his friendship and future acquaintance. — The

tears of Lady Lerranagh bedewed her pillow; and she arose in the morning the picture of agony and despair. She obtained an opportunity of speaking to Sir Theodore. She told him of the confession she had made; exhorted him, if his life was dear to him, to fly, or dreadful might be the consequences.—He execrated her folly for the premature avowal of their correspondence; ridiculed her fears for his life; stigmatizing and laughing at the man he had so basely injured as an arrant coward, who knew better than to fight with a man so well skilled as himself in duelling. And Sir Theodore Brydges was as famous for that genteel mode of murder, as for other prevalent vices of this polished century.

Frantic, unconscious how she acted, she again bent her steps to the chamber of her injured husband. She found him much indisposed, from the restlessness he had experienced the preceding night,

and his frame shook with the agitation her presence produced on his mind.

He was caressing a lovely little infant. She suddenly caught the child from his arms, put it into those of the nurse, and ordered her to quit the room with it.—"My Emily," said her kind husband, "why are you thus agitated? Be assured, I lay not the least blame on you, only that you did wrong in not immediately informing me of the improper conduct of Sir Theodore towards you."

"I charge you, my Lord," said she, "as you value your own honour, never touch that child again: It is not your's! It is the offspring of Sir Theodore Brydges, by your guilty wife!—And now, once more, I kneel; I kneel to request one last favour of you, before we part for ever!—I solemnly entreat that you risk not your life against that of the vile Brydges; expose him publicly; ex-

pose your guilty abandoned wife, and let her not receive that forgiveness from society which she is resolved never to accept from you, her injured Lord.—Let me be held up as a mark to posterity; and let me feel the penance of neglect and contempt for my shameful conduct. Oh! swear, my Lord; swear, that you will perform this my last supplication!"

The result has proved how his Lordship attended to this unhappy pleader.—What the agonies of her soul must have been, either when led to make, or when making the fatal confession, is beyond the conception of the human mind. No one, but a person in the same dreadful situation, can form the feeblest imagination of th is torturing racking of the human heart.

How new must she have been to vice, how unskilled in intrigue, to make her husband's heart the depository of this dreadful secret! And what arts must have been

used,. what sophistry practised, to turn a mind to guilt, which evinced itself to be naturally the seat of innocent candour and virtue.

She could not endure to receive the affectionate care of an injured husband. His reproach, though kindly meant, wounded her susceptible heart. She scorns to receive his unmerited attention, and makes ample confession of her fault. Oh! Sir Theodore Brydges, what hast thou not to answer for in corrupting such a mind?

We have been informed, that since this unhappy event, he has attempted to destroy himself: it was but a vague report, which is now contradicted.

No! live Sir Theodore; we wish thee to live; we wish thee to feel, in some degree, the pangs thou hast inflicted on others. We wish not to see thee have thy marriage couch profaned, and thy

innocent daughters seduced; the *lex talionis* is not the Christian's law; but we wish to know that thou feelest severe compunction for thy repeated offences against God and man: and we conclude in one pious wish, that thy late guilty life may be purified by long and sincere repentance, lest that punishment, whose slow, but invariable steps, follow close the guilty, should attain thee when it is least expected.

"Rarò antecedentem Scelestum,
"Deseruit pede pœna claudo." HORAT.

MRS. VILLENEUF.

"Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur." P. Syr.

This Lady is the wife of a rich City merchant, who is enabled to support her in splendour, and introduce her into the circles of fashion. She attaches no duty to the title of wife, but rather makes it a privilege to indulge every idle and extravagant inclination; and, it is much doubted whether she keeps her pleasures within the bounds of innocent freedoms.

The pretended fondness she lavishes on her husband, even in the presence of those whom she has suffered to entertain her with their real or well-feigned love for her, and which professions she has been willing to return, in all their outward appearance of ardour, must, we should imagine, create a disgust in those

men, whom her beautiful person has inspired with a momentary passion: She often makes use of these blandishments to the unsuspecting Mr. Villeneuf, the better to persuade him to invite her male favourites to dinner, or to her evening parties. He is an easy-tempered man, much engaged in business, and looks upon her apparent sincerity as childish artlessness, utterly devoid of guile.

We should be happy could we shew the same lenity to Mrs. Villeneuf; but what can induce a married woman, who lives in harmony with her husband, to persist in the endeavour of drawing the hearts of all the men she sees towards herself: to court the society of absolute strangers of the opposite sex; and she even has been known to make assignations with them.

She begins her morning operations, like a professed courtezan, as soon as her

Catching Birds as they fly.

breakfast is completed: She bares her bosom and shoulders in the most indelicate manner, and highly *rouges* a face on which is already seated the bloom of early youth.

In this unmatronly guise she draws her seat close to one of her front drawing-room windows, which are made even with the floor, and there she sits playing with her child, or leads, by some other attraction, the eyes of all the idle young men who pass by.

As she was seated in this way one morning, she drew the attention of a very handsome young man, who, taking her for a lady of improper character and profession, knocked at the door, and told the servant who opened it, he wished to speak to his mistress; and the man immediately ushered him into the drawing-room. She had noticed this gentleman in the street intently gazing at her, and

her folly and vanity felt highly gratified to find him seated by her side, rivetting his looks on her with that kind of tender expression which a man of intrigue so well knows how to throw into his eyes.

The young man found an air about every thing around him, in the behaviour of the servants, in a carriage or two calling, the owners of which left their tickets, which proved to him that she was a married lady, the respected mistress of the house, though her conduct so little deserved respect. In his conversation, he first introduced general topics: he found she had not much to say; very little mind about her, but seemingly well skilled in throwing out the allurements of her person: She often smiled where she should not, but that was easily pardoned; for she treated the beholder with the display of beautiful dimples, and a set of teeth white as ivory.

A Rendezvous.

The young man was more apprehensive than the lady of her husband's return. He hastily introduced the subject of love, and the deep impression her beauty had made on him. She was delighted, her animation gave her new charms in the eyes of the enamoured Alfred, for no other name would he ever give her, no other knowledge did she ever obtain of who he really was, but that his christian name was Alfred!

Alfred, before he quitted the house, obtained her consent to give him a meeting, the next morning, in an adjoining square! They afterwards soon parted to meet no more; and she shed some tears at separating from her Alfred.

She told this event in confidence to a friend; and indeed every one she saw, whom she found possessed of the least good nature, was her *confidente*; but she happened to mention this ridiculous af-

A mild and tender Censor.

fair to a woman of exemplary prudence, who had known Mrs. Villeneuf from her infancy. She chid her, not like a severe and envious censor, but she tenderly exhorted her, and kindly admonished her to be more prudent. Guilty, whatever she thought, she would not pretend to believe her. She begged her to consider what she owed to her parents, to her husband and family! "But, Evelina," said this amiable woman, "if you are determined to continue this unguarded, this faulty conduct, I beseech you, confide not your reprehensible behaviour to me; and permit me to withdraw my acquaintance, though your mother was so anxious you should preserve it: You know how with tears, on your arrival in this giddy metropolis, she charged me to watch over you on the entrance into gay life: My admonitions have been useless; allow me then, to absent myself from your society."

With all the most solemn professions

she could make use of, Mrs. Villeneuf declared herself innocent; that she had only met her dear Alfred and walked with him; but she could not help loving him.

"But my dear child," said her friend, "You are now to love no one but your husband." "Oh! replied Mrs. Villeneuf, "I have now parted with Alfred never to see him more! I will, indeed, think only of Villeneuf; do not you forsake me."

Whether the connexion Mrs. Villeneuf had with Alfred was really innocent, there yet remains a doubt; it probably might be so, for he was a refined young man, and was, it is most likely, disgusted with the forwardness of Mrs. Villeneuf. We should suppose that young men of any mind are not fond of so easy a conquest.

For some time after this event, though

A narrow Escape.

Mrs. Villeneuf still continued in her undress, like a painted transparency at her window, yet nothing material occurred to her in her career of *lover-catching*, till being one evening introduced to the friend of an unfortunate young lady, who visited this country after having united herself to an ungrateful usurper, Mrs. Villeneuf pointed all the artillery of her personal charms at this friend. He was at first very near being drawn into her snares; but as he was a man of most correct manners, some unwarrantable licence in her behaviour towards him, made him quit her, with a contempt bordering on disgust.

Men like to caress, but not to be much caressed. If the two great principles of Attack and Defence between the sexes, are entirely done away with, love expands his broad wings, and flies off, never to be recalled!

Conclusion.

The unpardonable outward behaviour of Mrs. Villeneuf is so palpably licentious, that charity scarce knows how to undertake her defence. It is true before her marriage she lived almost entirely in the country. The scenes of London, and its gaities open to her bewildered senses a new world; and it is now indeed too much a world of dissipation and gallantry: This has probably affected a mind naturally weak. If not actually guilty, we fear that mind is become corrupt.

We hope she will stop in time, and preserve by her future merit, that affection from a kind husband she now so amply possesses, and we are sorry to add she so little deserves.

GEN. SIR MARMADUKE BROOKS.

" Nullus argento color est
" ——— nisi temperato
" ——— Splendeat usu." HORAT.

THIS gentleman, the deserving favourite of fortune, ranks high for his military services and knowledge, and for a mind well cultivated by a finished and polite education.

On his first embracing a military life, young Brooks had no dependance but his commission: Born a poor gentleman, he knew not only the value of every shilling, but of an humble sixpence also; that a farthing was the fourth part of a penny, and if taken care of, was so much saved towards the making one!

Whoever now sees Sir Marmaduke Brooks, must discover that in his youth he was eminently beautiful: His coun-

tenance is still so; he is above six feet in stature, possesses a Soldier's phisiognomy, with eyes of the sofest mildness, a roman nose, with a betwitching mouth and fine teeth.

He was, therefore, it may easily be conceived, admired by the ladies, especially when red coats were not so familiar to the eye as they are at the present day; but Sir Marmaduke, knowing his poverty, steeled his heart against all their attacks; a man who loves money very seldom devotes his time to the ladies. In the mean time, there were many who were captivated not only by his fine person, but by the sweet ease and polish of his manners.

But he was not an insensible; he did love, and he was beloved: Yet the lady's fortune being but small, he durst not think of her: The prohibition of his parent also forbade it, and Sir Marmaduke

was the most dutiful of sons; he, therefore, gave up all thoughts of her, and married a lady of good fortune, which was to be considerably increased at the death of her father.

They had been acquainted from childhood; she was a smart agreeable woman; he could not be averse to an union with her; and the sweet mild temper he had ever evinced in private life, ensured them that happiness which they have now long and mutually experienced in the married state. Love in his philosophical and patient mind was vanquished: His long admired lady also married; and, in one important respect, he found himself united to a congenial soul, that of loving and saving money!

His bravery, his knowledge of all the theoretical and practical parts of war, during that of America, entitled him to,

and procured him the countenance and protection of men of high rank, which they held both as noblemen and officers. This knowledge increased his revenues with his rapid promotion, and employed him in a department which, though it required great military talents, was extremely lucrative.

Having got into a confirmed habit of hoarding, he was soon enabled to realise a considerable share of wealth. His integrity was however unequalled, and has ever continued so; he pays his tradesmen not only with punctuality, but with the most ready cheerfulness; and though every opportunity was, and is still given him, of making money, he scorns to do it at the expence of Government, or by the least unfair dealing with any one individual.

He has for many years been Lieutenant

Refined Economy.

Governor of one of our most important garrisons; round which he often walks in a coat and boots which excite many a smile and proverbial witticism from the younger officers, who all love him nevertheless to almost a degree of adoration; so remarkably sweet, so polite and conciliating are his manners to all classes of people, to the poor as well as the rich, to the young and the old.

But the love of money still preponderates in his mind. Sir Marmaduke is so rich, that he scarce knows himself the extent of his wealth. With age the close vice of avarice increases, and though they keep a great establishment, and live in all the apparent luxury of ease, yet Lady Brooks takes special care that nothing shall be lost, even to the little feather *that may chance to fly from the bed.*

Sir Marmaduke denies himself many

superfluities of life, which to the rich are really necessary comforts, and to purchase which the money expended from his immense revenues would hardly be missed.

For whom do they thus accumulate riches? Their only child is married; and married where gold flows in abundance.

When this cold and repellant quality takes root in an elegant mind like Sir Marmaduke's, it is particularly to be deplored: Perfection is not, nor ever will be, the lot of erring humanity; but as "every one has his fault," we could almost wish a man like the above character, had some other vice though perhaps it might be even of greater magnitude; because the vice of avarice shuts up all the avenues of the heart, and hardens it, like the metal it is so fond of,

Conclusion.

till it becomes impenetrable to that divine feeling, which makes the misfortunes of another its own.

Without any consideration of the increased expences of the times, he will express his astonishment at the pecuniary embarrassments of a man, who perhaps has one shilling where Sir Marmaduke has a thousand pounds; and he will wonder at the Lieutenant who has nothing but his pay, that cannot support himself and his wife with credit, and the gentility his profession unavoidably requires of him, on the scanty pittance of five shillings and eight pence per day.

This parsimony is a spot in a good man's character: It is more: It is a stain! The love of money is justly said to be the root of all evil; it binds a man down, however religious, to the perishable riches of this earth, seeking the golden mine deep buried in her bosom, sooner than

Conclusion.

the approbation or the prospect of heaven; it destroys all the social virtues; rendering his life ever anxious and unhappy; the conclusion of it unwelcome to himself and unlamented by others.

LADY LAURA PEMBERTON.

Βότρυας ἐν κύει ἄκανθα.

The Thorn bears no Grapes. ADAG. GRAEC.

LADY Laura Elton was the youngest of the numerous daughters of the Earl of Thornborough, most of them remarkable for their personal attractions; she for a fascination, accompanying the charms of her face and figure, peculiar to herself.

In temper and disposition, she had something in the combination resembling the Flavilla of Hawkesworth, "great sweetness blended with an high spirit," but she had not the imprudence of the unfortunate Flavilla. Lady Laura was ever remarkable for the contrary virtue; and her conduct was so chastely correct, so strongly fortified by prudence, that the remarkable frankness and openness of her

character, never caused an impertinent word or address to be directed to her; because her pure and native dignity instantly checked the rising idea of improper freedom, over-awed the most insolent, and commanded respect even from those, who might be the least inclined of any, to afford it to her.

At a very early age she united herself in marriage to a Major Pemberton of the Guards, and the purest love and esteem were the motives which actuated both.

By this marriage she had three lovely children, to whom all her affection soon became transferred; as the Major began to show himself to be a man unworthy so rich a treasure as he possessed in his Laura. She was the little idol of the regiment to which he belonged; and his vanity was highly gratified in seeing her flattered and caressed; but his heart

She appears a dashing Woman.

became estranged from her, and his inconsistent conduct, and systematic ill-treatment of her, checked the natural vivacity of her temper; and the smiles which dressed her countenance in the public scene of gaity, were succeeded by an overbalance of tears in her private and solitary hours.

The late Earl's numerous family had of course left but very little portion for his daughters. Major Pemberton was not rich, but he launched into expences of the most extravagant nature; and was ambitious that his wife should appear the most dashing woman in the regiment; that her horses, her carriage, should be the most fashionable and most superb, and her liveries coutinually new.

No one loved elegance better than Lady Laura; no one understood it so well; no one knew better that it does not consist in expensive ornaments, but that much

cost lavished on them, only destroys that simplicity which gives to elegance, when united with taste, its greatest charm. She had been early accustomed to that economy, which, however elevated the station in life may be, must yet be preserved in a large family. No one was more naturally generous, and no one could economise better: Long, very long ago, but for her provident care, Major Penrberton would have been a ruined man!

The regiment he belonged to was ordered abroad, while her three children were in the early stages of childhood. She felt this separation keenly; she still dearly loved her ungrateful husband; he loved her also, but he loved himself, and his expensive and destructive pleasures better!

Lady Laura, after his departure, placed her little girl at school; and taking her

A rigid Disciple of the Old School.

infant boys with her, she repaired to the country seat of the Countess Dowager of Thornborough, her mother.

The old Lady Dowager was a good woman, but her temper was trying and unpleasant; to keep up her dignity in high style, with her chaplains and a numerous train about her, she would practise many mortifying acts of self-denial; was parsimonious in many things to an extreme, and was a rigid disciple of the Old School.

The lively Lady Laura went with an heavy heart to immure herself in this gloomy mansion, anxiously waiting for news from her yet loved husband. He wrote to her but seldom; and she heard alarming accounts from other quarters of his improper conduct, his outrageous and haughty behaviour to his superior officers, and those beneath him. How often did she wish she had braved every

danger, and had accompanied him; hoping, and fondly imagining, that she might have been a check on his extravagances and imprudence. No, Laura, not even thou canst check confirmed inconsistency, nor the untoward spirit of an head-strong, impetuous man!

We will pass over many a sad hour she numbered; many a sleepless night of agony, and many a tearful morning. She had the painful task of closing a mother's eyes; and the thoughts of her mind were in some degree dissipated, by arranging with Lady Caroline (her only sister who remained unmarried,) her late parent's affairs. Her brothers arrived, took possession of the house, and she accompanied Lady Caroline to her future residence, which was a small cottage *orné* at some distance.

Lady Caroline was quite the common-place woman of quality; she had so long borne with her mother's humours, by

being continually with her, that it had given a listless kind of callousness to a naturally lively and ardent mind. However, Lady Laura has ever done her the justice to say, that she behaved to her in a very trying period of her life, which followed in a short time after, in the most warm, affectionate, and sisterly manner: For the Major soon arrived in England; he had quitted his regiment, and returned to his Laura, almost a bankrupt in fortune, through his own shameful extravagance.

A series of repeated infidelities, neglect, and cruel behaviour, on his part, since his return, oppressed the active mind of Lady Laura, and brought on a nervous disorder. We forbear giving a detail of his conduct; such is too much the same, and too well known in the character of a fashionable husband.

That afflicting malady, which equally

He drags her Children from her.

attacks the nerves and mind, this mad-headed young man increased by an action, the most unfeeling on his side, and the most trying to the affectionate heart of a fond mother.

She now wished, and that most ardently, to separate her fate from his. Her children were the only ties which bound her to him. Her excellent disposition wished him well, and still felt zealously alive to his interests; but love in a mind like her's, could no longer find a place for such a worthless object.

Unrelenting, unheeding of her most earnest intreaties, (for he had bowed her spirit to the earth, and humbly and fervently she condescended to implore the destroyer of her domestic happiness, to hear her supplications; but in vain!) he dragged her children from her; and this ill-assorted pair separated for the present, but without any written forms; and she

She trembles for her Daughter.

was still liable to his insults and oppression.

At the time he tore her children from her, he took also her diamonds and other valuable ornaments; but, like another Cornelia, she had always thought her children her most estimable jewels.

He has since bestowed the greatest part of her most costly trinkets, which once adorned, or rather borrowed ornament from, the beauteous bosom of unsullied purity, to decorate that of the meretricious and abandoned courtezan.

And now, knowing the libertinism of the father's principles, having, at her early years, obtained such a sad, though extensive and useful knowledge of the world, and seen so much of the licentiousness of modern manners, her mind became anguished by the most painful solicitude for the fate of her beloved daugh-

ter: She dreaded lest the father might take her from school, and establish her in his own domestic circle. What might not be the result! Her heart then estranged from her mother... And she would have constantly before her the dreadful example, in a woman of high fashion and great family, almost living with her father, and publicly avowing an attachment to him.

She regained, by powerful exertions, the native energy of her mind: She hastened to save a daughter! Yet still the mournful idea of being parted from her beloved boys, one an infant, sometimes so oppressed her spirits, as made her almost sink under the arduous undertaking.

Her elder brothers were worldly men, by no means warm-hearted; and, as they had ever strenuously opposed her marriage with Major Pemberton, they took this unseasonable opportunity, to con-

vince her of their own penetration, and to shew her the folly of her not having attended to their advice: but yet, even they, in concurrence with the advice of all her other friends urged her, in the most earnest manner, to have articles of separation, ready drawn up, in the most regular and forcible terms, and when signed, properly witnessed.

In these articles, she insisted on having her daughter with her, and of taking the sole charge of her education and future fate in life.

The writings were easily executed; but her soul-harassing husband refused for a long time to sign them. One resource was left her. She knew his extravagance often made him feel the want of money; which, though he was sometimes supplied with from the woman who forgot her own dignity, and that of her noble family, in her illicit

The Deed is signed.

inclination, yet her pecuniary assistance could not be great, as she was, in some degree, dependant on a brother. Lady Laura, therefore, willing to give up all to obtain her darling daughter, offered the small remains of that fortune which her mother left her at her death.

As soon as cash ran short with Pemberton, he eagerly signed the deed of separation. The mind of Lady Laura released from the heavy weight that hung over it, soon regained its accustomed tone of trength.

And now every one of her high and respectable friends seemed to vie with each other who should most afford her protection and assistance. Her fortune now remaining was but very small; it was but a trifling bequest left her by her grandmother, independent of all her other relations; but her native taste and

elegance, the happy art of uniting well-timed and requisite expense with a partial frugality, rendered the style of Lady Laura's dress and living superior to that of many who are possessed of double her income.

Lovely in person, it cannot be supposed, that she can have been always entirely free from solicitations of a tender nature: But how soon were they checked, how soon has presumption been over-awed by the mild though firm dignity of her manners!

Her prudence, the elegant turn of her mind, her undeserved fate, her uncommon share of intellectual knowledge, have gained her the countenance of Royalty itself: All the correct and higher classes of nobility, all the eminent in the literary world, are eagerly anxious that she should make one in their most brilliant parties: and many there are who feel

proud in saying, that on such an evening, or at such a dinner party, they had the happiness of being seated by that charming woman, Lady Laura Pemberton.

She attends with the most unremitting perseverance to the accomplishments of her daughter, and watches her progress in them with incessant care. The fond wishes of this inestimable parent will not be disappointed; Miss Pemberton promises to crown all her affectionate desires, and to be in many respects the counterpart of her excellent mother.

So pure, so regulated is the conduct of Lady Laura, by the strictest rules of decorum, that the most inveterate calumny has never dared to touch it with her sooty finger. Her unfortunate husband sees too late the intrinsic worth and shining contents of the beautiful casket he has thrown away: he has endeavoured, by the fairest promises and most ardent

Conjugal love is not easily extinguished.

protestations of reformation, to persuade her to again unite herself to him. Though she knows his fluctuating mind and wavering heart so well, yet he is the father of her dear boys, and when he has sought a reconciliation, it gives her severe trials, and sadly injures her nervous system. Conjugal love in so warm a heart cannot be easily, nor indeed never wholly, extinguished: But all her friends, and indeed even the relations of Major Pemberton, warn her to be careful of again putting herself in his power.

Indeed we fear the constant and habitual practice of relaxed and libertine manners in Major Pemberton has confirmed them into principles that have taken root, which now actuate his mind, and will long be the springs of his future conduct: we wish we may be mistaken; but "the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots."

JOSEPH BAXTER, ESQ.

" Integer vitæ Scelerisque purus." HORAT.

THE pride of the lily sometimes adorns the humblest vallies, and it is not uncommon to gather the modest and shy violet on the brows of high craggy mountains. Virtue and vice, though of an opposite nature, thrive in the same grounds, and all classes of society are open to them. Oh! that all distinctions between man and man were measured upon the *quantum* of virtue or vice found in each individual! Then, surely, our morals would improve, and the general happiness of mankind would be the desired result of it!

Joseph Baxter, is a native of Suffolk, and has been an inhabitant of London for these last thirty years. Liberally edu-

His apartments

cated, literature and antiquarian pursuits are his hobby-horse; but too small an income has restrained the bent of his soul nearly in all the circumstances of his life. What struggles, what privations, what trouble and pain, were not suffered or made use of, as necessary engines, to arrive fairly and most honestly to the object of his wishes? . . . . However, perseverance and economy have conquered all.

Retired, as a lonely anchorite, in the attic apartment of an inn of Court, there, not unlike the bird of Minerva, who perches on the neighbouring gutter, and "moping to the Moon complains," our friend silently and wisely enjoys what he calls (and who dares say he is not right?) a comfortable life.

He is fond of old engravings and musty pictures; his room does not exhibit an inch of plaster that is not closely co-

vered with such precious decorations. His tolerance has allowed him to be fond of popish relicks; and pieces of copes and chalices from the times of the Heptarchy to this day, are hung respectfully around his bed-chamber. Old missals, curious editions of scarce books, sleep on his shelves; and precious medals repose in his cabinets. Ancient stained glass chequers his window-frames with the seven-fold glories of the rainbow, and Mambrino's helmet chides its neighbour, the real bit of copper-ore, for its not exposing more significantly the greenish treasures of its bosom. In fact, and without joke, Mr. Baxter's small apartment is truly a kind of microcosm, where time and place have lost their distances; where the produces of Otaheite and Mexico, are contiguous to the English and French beautiful china; where the Etruscan vase displays its red and black allegories by the sides of modern filigree.

His Means.

But how could any body gather so many and valuable curiosities, with no other help but a very small patrimony, which his prudence bids him to preserve, and natural fearfulness forbids him to increase? For these last thirty years he has employed the same hair-dresser, who, out of respect (we suppose) never raised his price; the same laundress and her daughter have constantly attended him for the same wages, because, as they say, they are sure of their money, let it be ever so little; and the same cookshop, or, if you will, the same tavern, has contributed to his subsistence. A constant customer for so long a period, is sure to be well-treated, and Mr. Baxter never found cause to change his board. Sobriety with him is the order of the day; but a friend can enjoy, at his chambers, as comfortable a cup or dish of tea, as at any Alderman's rose-wood table.

His Haunts.

Generally averse to crowds, he runs through the street; and, if he is ever pressed or jammed any where, it must be in some foreign chapel, where, though bred up a member of the established church, he often repairs to enjoy the sight of the Russian or Roman liturgies. As his days are peaceful and harmless, his nights are undisturbed and happy. His diet is regular, light, and wholesome; therefore he enjoys his health. But do not believe that the overplus of his income is exclusively spent to satisfy his whims, and buy fodder for his hobby-horses.—He feels as a man ought for the miseries of others; the sly shilling often drops from his hand into the worn-out hat of the blind and lame, and they bless him, as they would an angel, invisible and unknown.

In one word, Mr. Baxter's life, which, we are sorry to say, is now on the decline, has been like the nightly lamp, that

The only Fault he ever committed.

keeps itself in darkness, whilst it illuminates all around, and for the many years we have observed him attentively, we never heard him complain of any body, nor any body complain of him; the only harm he has ever been the cause of, and often deplored, was his treading unknowingly on the tender corn of a lady's foot, at the Queen's birth-day, ten or twelve days ago.

Mr. Baxter is a bachelor, therefore he never enjoyed the sweets of conjugal love, and the comforts of a father: no—surely—nor the bitterness of jealousy, and the continual anxieties of a tender parent for his children.

The journal of his daily conduct is as follows:—Mr. B. rises at half past seven in winter, and at half past five in summer; lights his fire himself, and dusts his curiosities; breakfasts exactly at nine; remains in his red damask morning-gown

till ten or eleven; dresses, and goes to take a walk if the weather proves fine; returns home at one, studies till three: goes to the tavern, dines, takes a second walk, or returns home if it rains; drinks tea at six precisely; writes or reads till nine; drinks a glass of ale, with a slight crust of bread, and at half past nine retires to his bed, where he sleeps soundly till the next day brings the same routine over again.

THE

HON. CAVENDISH WORSLEY.

" Nunc est bibendum: nunc pede libero
" Pulsanda tellus." .... HORAT.

WHEN a stranger beholds the delicacy and freshness of a complexion rather feminine, with small regular features, a low stature, and the *contour* of the body round and plump, but by no means stout, he is very much inclined to think that the Honourable Cavendish Worsley is a lady in male attire.

But let the above stranger be only one hour in the company of this honourable descendant of the noble house of Eastfield, and he will soon retract his opinion.

The Honourable Cavendish Worsley finds his chief delight in those truly

A Bacchanalian.

masculine recreations, of coursing, drinking, and horse-racing; but in the two former consists his greatest gratification.

He will sit up indefatigable in the service of Bacchus, for he is one of his most zealous priests,—be the last man remaining at the banquet of inebriety; after seeing all his companions carried from under the table by their servants, or feebly staggering themselves to their respective homes; and he seldom quits any party till he has taken off, to his own share, eight bottles! Now, when he finds on some fine frosty morning, the clock has struck five, at the conclusion of these drinking orgies, he calculates, that in less than three hours the morning will peep out, and that then the timorous hare may be started from her covert, and lordly man may shew his imbecile triumph over the little defenceless creature!

Accordingly, he tucks up his legs in a chair, reflecting that it is not worth while to undress himself and go to bed; snores there till daybreak, slips on, in haste, an old green coat, often torn at the elbows, and unsewed beneath the arm: he then mounts his tandem, and accompanied by a train of country squires, needy half-pay officers, and two or three of his own class, he begins, and goes through the sports of the field with that arduous avidity, which good health at the age of two and twenty enables him to support without fatigue.

He commands a troop in an old established regiment of light dragoons, whose Commandant married one of his sisters: he is consequently sometimes a little indulged; but there are days that military duty and discipline must be attended to; and the *horrid bore* of a parade cannot be dispensed with. On these occasions he is often reported sick, till the pretext

No strong penchant for the Ladies.

is too stale to gain credit, and the Surgeon is obliged to do his duty, by declaring that Captain Worsely has nothing the matter with him, and thinks he might very well *stand* a parade; and this he is enabled literally to do, though he may be just emerged from the mess-room, after a long night's bacchanalian riot; for he can steadily carry off much more wine than those who appear possessed of five times his strength.

He is no particular admirer of the ladies, though always polite to them, when in their company, and attentive to their wants if he happens at dinner to be seated near them. But he has not yet made any noise by his amorous adventures. He examines the eyes of an horse with much more interest than he would look on the most brilliant pair in the feminine head: and to be convinced that a beautiful mare had not "*the mark in her mouth,*" is of far greater importance to him, than if his

own sister's ivory set of teeth had just escaped being knocked out of her lovely mouth by some rueful accident.

His dogs are still dearer to him; Cassio, Cæsar, Miss Frolic, Myrtle, Madame Josephine, are all associates at and partakers of his meals, except his breakfast, or rather his morning draught, which being a mixture of eggs and brandy would not be so pleasant to their palates: for *their* morning repast, the best white bread and new milk is purchased, and no expence spared in the procuring it.

He is a faithful disciple of Lavater; yet the science of phisiognomy in Captain Worsley does not teach him to study the human countenance, but that of the canine species: He can tell to a nicety, the extent of *Carlin's* abilities and sagacity, by looking at the meaning expression of his monkey face: He watches with precision the humble and affectionate looks

of the faithful spaniel; the wiliness of the Pomeranian fox; the trifling vivacity of the French lion-muff, the shrewd archness of the *Rusé* tarrier, and the grave and settled determination of the honest mastiff, to protect his master from injury: he marks the mixture of futility, use, and perseverance, in the long countenance of the greyhound; vacant and making up a kind of nonentity in his character, when he has nothing to do, but knowing that when he is employed he is useful, and then he perseveres.

These, and many other such remarks embellish his conversation when his favourite theme of dogs is brought on the *tapis*. He has watched their phisiognomies and resulting actions with scrupulous care, has made the character of that faithful animal his peculiar study; and we must say he has seldom been deceived in his opinion. How gloriously

Conclusion.

does such a man pass his life time; how much lamented will he sink into the silent grave!

"Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi."

SENECA.

THE LATE

COUNTESS OF EASTWOOD;

OR,

THE PENITENT WANDERER.

" Que doit faire un mari quand on aime sa femme . . . ?
Rien." LAFONT.

THE pride and boast of England; once the shielding safeguard of persecuted royalty, as now the bulwark of an happy and established government, several years ago afforded a name to a beautiful maiden, who was the general admiration of the opposite sex. Amongst others who wore her chains, was the then gallant Lord Tennington, now Earl of Eastwood; who, whatever faults he had, or may still possess, was yet remarkable for never attempting the seduction of elegance and virtue, or even the wish to possess the object of his choice, in any but an honourable way.

Disparity of Fortune.

Lady Eastwood was of a good family, had a finished education, and was lovely in person to a degree of superiority over other women; but her fortune by no means entitled her to the expectation of an union with a nobleman of Lord Tennington's rank and wealthy acquisitions. At the death of an old relation she would most probably have something considerable in landed property: to that his lordship *then* did not aspire; though it is now well known, and has been for some years, that, to be the possessor of a prodigious number of acres of land, while he grumbles at the tax levied upon them, is his lordship's hobby-horse.

He was, however, and has still shewn himself most elegantly refined in the choice of his wives: how these wives fare with the Sultan who becomes possessor of them is best known in his domestic circle. But we well know that TURKEY is not the *only* place where husbands ex-

A superb Fête.

ercise despotic tyranny over the costly-decked partners of their wealth and selfish embraces.

On the marriage of Lord Tennington with his first wife, his adored Maria, he gave the most elegant rural holiday that had ever been before witnessed in England. Earth seemed ransacked of her choicest luxuries to regale the guests; Arabia lavished her perfumes, every foreign rarity was presented in abundance, and

"Scarcely the Phœnix 'scaped."

The evening concluded with a brilliant *Fête Champêtre* and ball; and for a few years Lord Tennington was the happiest of men.

He had not been long in possession of the Earldom of Eastwood, when he fancied he beheld a visible change in the manners of his lady towards him: But

we were never told on which side the change began.

An Officer in the army of the most elegant manners, insinuating address, and beautiful person, visited frequently at the house of Lord Eastwood: it has indeed been rumoured that Lady Eastwood had received an early girlish impression in behalf of this gentleman before she saw her lord. Whether it was so, or no, she perhaps found it a task too difficult to forbear admiring a mind, that was in congeniality with her own, nor contrasting sentiment, polish, and every accomplishment, with moroseness, suspicion, and more love for the whip, and the delights of the turf, than for her fine person.

Nor were the pleasures of the bottle forgot among the *delicate* ones of Lord Eastwood, while discussing favourite topics of political opposition; in which he

His Fortune increases.

felt offended if his lady did not bear a part.

About this period, the relative of Lady Eastwood died, and bequeathed to her landed property well worth retaining; and this happened about the time that Lord Eastwood, disgusted with some events which took place at Newmarket, had turned all his thoughts towards improving and extending his landed possessions.

In the will of this relation it was positively expressed, that the property left to Lady Eastwood was on this condition, that it should be bequeathed to her *existing* husband, at the time of her demise, if she died before him. This was done the better to ensure it to their future children, for if she was left a widow, it was instantly to devolve to them, and be equally divided amongst them.

Her guilt.

Lord Eastwood soon began to entertain very strong and very unequivocal suspicions of his wife's fidelity: he watched her himself, and set spies over her conduct; and we are sorry to say, that, in effect she had been and continued for some time criminal and faithless!

In the mean time, his Lordship had conceived an unbounded and sincere affection for a lady in a public line of life; but who well deserved to obtain all that purity of love, respect, and esteem, which she has ever enjoyed; and will, we hope, long enjoy through the whole course of her correct and exemplary life. Of this truly admirable woman we have never heard but one opinion.

Lord Eastwood, even if he wished to corrupt her principles, or possess her person in any illicit way, knew the innate virtue and delicacy of her mind too well

Continued.

even to attempt it; never would she see him but in the presence of her mother; never trusted herself with him alone, either in public or private. She has carefully guarded her susceptible heart against the encroachments of love; she could not but be grateful to Lord Eastwood for continual acts of friendship and generosity bestowed on her, and on every part of her family. She was sensible how great his assistance had been to her, in making her rise to the summit of eminence in her profession; and gratitude, in so pure and excellent a bosom, easily admitted its growing into a more tender passion; but it was pure, as the seraphic sentiment of an angel; nor entertained one thought of supplanting Lady Eastwood, though she knew she had so fatally destroyed her own peace, as well as offended against her husband's honour.

Lord Eastwood had those proofs of his lady's criminality, which he well

knew in a court of justice would bring him ample retribution. But he was wealthy enough, and some few in the world, though they strongly suspected her ill conduct, and others, who dared not speak of it, had conviction of it; yet, for very cogent reasons, at least to him, Lord Eastwood smothered his resentment, cast a cloud of obscurity over the business, and determined she should yet remain in his house, and bear her title undisputed.

Females of virtue, however, shunned her; but she had all the spirit of fashion about her; she had broken down the barriers of decorum; and she revelled in pleasures little suited to her once delicate and elegant mind; but which, while the intoxication of gratified inclination, and the ardent affection of an enraptured lover, not long blessed with possession, continued, she hushed every rising reflection, and lulled with the poisonous

No Comfort found in a dissipated Life.

opiate of lawless love, the monitor, conscience!

Her society consisted chiefly of officers; in whose company she would, with her cherished male friend, dine at a regimental mess, be the worshipped idol of the table, and the life of the martial party: but mirth and wine soon began to lose their influence: and though she never was seen intoxicated by the latter, she could take her bottle of Madeira with the most indefatigable military votary of Bacchus.

But the polished mind of an elegant female, who has sacrificed all her principles of duty, and all her claims to respect, for love, and love only, cannot long lose its poignant reflections in those distracting pleasures, which add to instead of diminishing their baneful effects. The heart of a woman of Lady Eastwood's natural delicacy, could not find gratification, consolation, or comfort, in

a life of noisy and thought-repelling dissipation.

Her mind became the prey of bitterest anguish, and of the most sincere and unaffected repentance, which preyed, and rapidly worked destruction, on her delicate frame: she dismissed her lover, and solemnly vowed never to see him more!

He loved her dearly, and fervently as ever; and this last laudable sacrifice she made to duty, it is thought, hastened her dissolution. Oh! sacred love, why is thy hymeneal torch only mutually kindled by humble cottagers? while, for the high-born and wealthy thou tearest asunder the *special licence*, and laughest, with demoniac triumph, at the ambition of parents, who sacrifice the unwilling fair to gold and title!

Lord Eastwood had long ceased to

live with his Lady as an husband; and nothing but the certain conviction that if he was divorced from her, her military favourite, who still adored her, would instantly wed her, (and *he* would then be her *existing* husband), prevented him from seeking a legal separation, and for ever uniting himself to that virtuous female, whose mind and person had so completely enslaved him: but then, no land of his own was equal to that charming little possession, which, if his Lady died, *really* and *bonâ fide*, his *wife*, and not the wife of *another*, would become his own, to all intents and purposes: he could not think of giving it up!

The physicians of Lady Eastwood declared her in a deep and rapid decline; and death, he flattered himself, would soon make both the land and his long-admired lady his own. He, therefore, invoked death as his best friend, not for

himself, but for one who had been once more than his *second self !*

Alas ! the Lady lived long ; much too long for his Lordship ! her lingering life was spared to purify her soul by the most sincere and exemplary penitence, and which marked the last years and moments of this interesting woman : like a second Mary Magdalen, "she loved much, because she had, like her, much to be forgiven !"

Lady Eastwood, like Mary, deplored her faults at the feet of her REDEEMER ; she trusted in his never-failing mercy ; and the divine who attended her in the awful period of her last moments, declared her death to be both edifying and happy !

Lord Eastwood had loved his present Lady in the brightest season of her

youth; he found it now past: but yet he loved her with more sincerity than ever. Such is the triumph of true virtue.

As soon as decency would permit, he raised her to the rank of his Countess; and this high situation her merits do honour to. She has three lovely children by his Lordship.

Her situation is envied by many; but, alas! the present Lady Eastwood is not happy. Surely the manners of Lord Eastwood, in his domestic establishment, are not calculated to ensure the felicity of his wife: the unbounded gratitude Lady Eastwood feels for him, her knowing no other attachment, will never make her faithless. She suffers then the more in some respects; for, though self-reproach is added to the guilty, yet, when a wife has been rendered so, chiefly through the ill-usage of an husband, she may, for

a short time, feel a temporary illusive kind of happiness; while the pangs of suffering virtue, and slighted conjugal fidelity, silently corrode the afflicted heart, leaving it for ever cheerless, dead to every species of enjoyment, or only alive to agony.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

" Ad populum phaleras; ego te intus et in cute novi."

PERS.

" PATIENCE, my dear Charlotte," said the Marquis of Waltham, " or I shall begin to suspect you have some secret interest in the person whose character I am about to unfold." — " Why, you must allow," replied the Duchess of Pyrmont, " that such a sermon as we heard this morning was calculated to awaken interest in any one; and if I, thus sadly deprived of that sense which has so large an influence on the rest, am desirous to learn some particulars of this mild and Christian orator, surely there is some excuse for Charlotte's more lively curiosity; for I am told, he is a personable and a single man. It is certainly strange that we should have heard no-

thing of him in the great world: his name and title are equally strange to me."

"In the *gay* world, however," sarcastically answered her son, "your Grace would hear enough of him; for he is there acknowledged as one of those political sensualists, who saint it in the pulpit, and sin in the corner."

"We surely should be cautious," quickly interrupted Lady Charlotte, "before we embrace a report which may injure the character of those, who must ever be more responsible for their actions than others; being called upon, by the sanctity of their profession, to exhibit, both by practice and precept, an example for edification: but this is a sad world, and I am rather inclined to believe, my dear brother, that what you have heard of Sir William Featherington, prejudical to that purity of morals and honest inge-

nuousness, which should distinguish a minister of the Gospel, has originated in envy of his talents and worth. It is said, you know, that our good qualities, rather than our bad ones, mark us out for persecution: whether this is really the case, in the present instance, remains to be proved; and therefore, my dear brother, spite of your bantering, I call upon you, in the name of the Duchess and myself, to give us a 'plain unvarnished' history of this interesting theologian."

—"Why, the *varnish*, my dear sister, is so very thick, I am told, and so neatly put on, that it requires a very skilful analyzer to shew you the real *ground-work* of this *body compound*; but, in these days, when enlightening science rears her head, investigation is enabled to point out the truth; and sometimes to strip the hypocrite of his borrowed sanctity. As this is exactly the case, with respect to Sir William Featherington, I think, my dear

Charlotte, I may promise you an *unvarnished* tale: you may wonder at it, but you shall hear nothing but what is sanctioned by truth."

"Dare I suppose that my puritanic sister, or that your Grace, had ever turned over the pages of that ingenious, but rather licentious work, known by the title of "The Monk," I could point out some traits in the character of his hero, which might serve as a specimen of the ecclesiastic in question; and, by this means, save myself the pain of a farther delineation; for, where the delusion favours a generous prepossession, it is by no means a pleasant task to undeceive."

"Well, well, go on, dear brother," somewhat hastily, answered Lady Charlotte; "we will judge by fair evidence." "Why, Charlotte," returned the Marquis, without appearing to notice the interruption; "never, till this moment,

Continued.

did I suspect you of borrowing *false colours!* The vegetable *tablet rouge,* together with the liquid bloom, fade into nothing when compared with your present glow. To whom do you owe the mystic art?"

As Lady Charlotte did not think it necessary to let her brother into this secret of her toilet, we take upon us to inform our readers, that this Lady had occasionally seen Sir William prior to his obtaining his title at the hospitable mansion of the Dowager Lady Clairville; and the report made of him, by that amiable character, (over whom he had acquired great ascendancy) falling in with the opinions she had herself formed of his amiability and worth, induced her to receive the elegant attentions he had occasionally paid her with more than common satisfaction.

Lady Charlotte possessed an heart alive

to every generous principle; though born to an exalted station, and herself to a suitable fortune, she was endowed with an unaspiring sweetness of disposition, and a mind in which dwelt the purest sensibility: to be the Lady Bountiful of a parish was her highest ambition; and to love virtue was inseparable from her nature.

She believed Sir William Featherington the most amiable of men; and, in a capital, where much fashionable depravity generally prevailed, thought him worthy to be ranked with those orthodox divines, who, by the severity of their manners, and purity of their principles, are best calculated to reform and instruct a wandering and deviating multitude. Such was the opinion formed by Lady Charlotte Stanmore of Sir William Featherington, when she heard, with no small satisfaction, that he was appointed to the living of Bryarsfeldt, within two miles

of Laurel Villa, the summer residence of the Duchess of Pyrmont; and it was through the persuasions of the former that her Grace, accompanied by Lady Charlotte, went to hear divine service at Bryarsfeldt, on Sir William's delivering his introduction sermon.

Nothing could be more awakening, more impressive, or more orthodox, than his discourse: the whole sermon breathed the spirit of Christianity, set forth the mercies of DIVINE LOVE; while the glowing richness of the language, occasionally interspersed with mild and pathetic appeals, found their way to the hearts of his hearers, and impressed the congregation in favour of their new incumbent.

As Sir William, before the assumption of his title, was known in the metropolis only by a certain set, and as he had left *indelible marks* of his real character in a provincial town, where he formerly resided in his days of penury, it was only

since the event of a certain public *fracas*, wherein Sir William's specious gentleness gained both judge and jury in his favour, that he had been heard of by the Marquis of Waltham; but this unfortunate event brought him awkardly into notice: "And who is this Sir William Featherington!" was reiterated by men of rank, who had never before heard of such a title or such a person. No one could tell, for a long time, from what remote spot this Knight of the Holy Order had sprung; nor was it until Sir William had posted it repeatedly in the Gazette, that "The King had been pleased to grant, &c. &c." that the perverse and obstinate multitude would allow the legality of his new dignity. So, however, it was: and the Marquis began his narrative by assuring her Grace and Lady Charlotte, that Sir William Featheringington was actually Sir William Featherington, though the title was so *ancient* that the best Antiquarians had been puz-

zled to trace it, being supposed to bear date from the Holy Wars, in the time of Richard the First; and we, therefore, may naturally enough presume, from the extreme sanctity of the present Sir William's life, that he is no less than a descendant of the celebrated Archbishop Walter of the above-mentioned æra."

"My dear brother, you promised an *unvarnished tale* remember," said Lady Charlotte; "so a truce to your witty sarcasms for the present, and give us a plain statement of well-authenticated facts; for by those only should the aspersed be judged and condemned."—"*Bravissimo!* most noble Charlotte," returned his lordship; "I hasten to obey you."

Lady Charlotte took her ivory-netting-needles, and ran her delicate fingers through the silver and gold mazes of a most fashionable purse she was finishing

Conclusion.

for her brother, whilst the Duchess, leaning on the arm of the Marquis's *fauteuil à l'Egyptienne,* listened with eagerness to the following character.

THE REVEREND

SIR WM. FEATHERINGTON.

" Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
" Nor set down aught in malice. . . . . SHAKESP.

THIS paragon of plausibility and meekness, of purity and principle, is the veriest hypocrite that walks the earth : he is well-versed in assimilation and dissimulation ; and all his apparent qualities of virtue, benevolence, gentleness, and forbearance, are but a cover for his vices. By the female sex he should be held in abhorrence ; for he is to them a greater foe than the most bare-faced libertine : neither old nor young women escape his aim, where either passion or interest direct his motive.

He possesses such a specious and va-

Playing at hide-and-seek.

ried suavity, and suits, with such a masterly subtlety, his conversation and manners to those persons he wishes to impress in his favour, that there are samples of old maids and widows, wives and virgins, who have been, in a great degree, captivated with his apparent amiability, and who have unanimously declared Sir William Featherington a most mild, gentlemanly, and worthy man.

Amongst the male sex he is not so much to be feared as shunned; for there is in his conduct, establishment, and deportment, such an impenetrable mystery, as must ever lead to distrust and suspicion. Sometimes he is seen with a well-appointed equipage, house, and servants, with other *convenient appendages:* in the space of a few weeks, he is met on an old broken-winded horse, and found in a common lodging in some obscure street; and, in a little time, he is walking on foot, without one seven-shilling-piece to

rub against another: running about to *get a bill done,* or playing at *hide-and-seek,* for fear of being *dished-up!* Shortly after he is heard of in a shop, asking for letters, directed in a fictitious name, and producing a note of considerable amount in order to discharge a small debt of two pounds. It is equally mysterious by what means he has obtained his preferment; for before he was presented with the living of Bryarsfeldt, he scarce ever visited his parishioners at Wingfield and Derwater, but was a constant resident in the metropolis, where he shone "the gayest of the gay!" sporting it, alternately, with that titled demirep, Lady Backswarden, or joining the easy parties of *ci-devant* mistresses; paying his court to the principled old, and his addresses to the unsuspecting young; endeavouring, by a shew of generous sympathy, to seduce the unfortunate wife; indulging irregular and promiscuous inclinations, and treating with harsh and

The Portrait continued.

cruel indignity the unfortunate who held the *distinguished place* of his private or household mistress.

Such are the outlines of the picture! and very city may pledge herself of its being a faithful representation. We could wish, for the honour of human nature, that the portrait were exaggerated, for certainly there seems not a little of the *demon* in the present sketch; but this is an unprejudiced, and we are sorry to add, a *moderate* statement: to descend to some particulars would bring Sir William low indeed! yet, to withhold *all*, is to suffer the just and amiable to be deluded by a specious exterior—they who are unwilling, from their own purity of mind, to admit the possibility, that a character like Sir William Featherington's can be in existence.

Rank and fortune, the protectors of exalted relatives, happily exclude those who

move in the *very* high spheres of noble life, from the association, as well as from the danger, of such a character as is here pourtrayed; yet, those exalted females of virtuous character, who feel a generous reluctance to admit a belief of such worthlessness in the male sex, will not forget to feel for those unfortunate objects of their own, who have, by such characters as Sir William Featherington, been seduced from the paths of rectitude, and been led, even by their love of virtue, to the brink of ruin. We shun, with disgust, the professed reprobate; but, can innocence shield itself against the sinner in the garb of the saint?

When first Sir William visited at the Dowager Lady Clairville's, there was a female, whose misfortunes, integrity, and strength of mind, had created an interest, and secured her an asylum under the roof of this hospitable and benevolent Lady, who had had some knowledge of

her in her brighter days: this ill-fated fair, whose history of domestic sorrows would form a most pathetic and instructive lesson, had the misfortune to possess such personal qualifications as attracted the particular notice of Sir William Featherington.

A combination of cruel circumstances had deprived her, at that time, of legal protection, and her scanty income, by no means answering the claims of that genteel mediocrity to which she had been accustomed, Sir William thought her a fair subject of pursuit, and flattered himself with the prospect of an easy conquest: but the Lady possessed an high sense of female honour, together with a frank and discerning mind; and Sir William was obliged to ply all his artillery of gentle offices, sympathizing, and amiability, to make any impression on an heart, at that time, mourning over its departed happiness. At length, however, his delicate

attentions, the interest and concern he professed to take in her situation, and the belief she entertained of the probity and benevolence of his disposition, induced her to acknowledge him as one of her warmest friends.

We should offend the Lady, who is the subject of this anecdote, were we to give the sequel of Sir William's base and contemptible conduct towards her; and abhorrence would be excited in the reader, were we to offer a progressive detail of his dastardly and insidious proceedings in this affair: we will, therefore, only remark, that this circumstance, with the consequence it gave him to be admitted *en famille* in Lady Clairville's society, induced him to make a point of securing, by his speciousness, plausibility, and attentions, the good opinion of that Lady. As to those chronicles of scandal Lady Turnabout and her malicious Cousin Snargate, they will seize on any thing

that is gilded with a title ; and *man*, we should conceive, must be so rare a commodity with them, that they will naturally wish to retain him, in any shape, purely for the sake of novelty !

There *are* women, who, in preserving the virtue of chastity, lose almost every other ; and if such women be of an ordinary mould, which is commonly the case, they have, in fact, no virtue at all !* for

* The true meaning of the word *virtue* is not what it is generally taken to be. *Virtue* is a struggle of our reason against the bent of inclinations, or the *impetus* of passions ; no *virtue* without *temptation*: and my old Aunt, who from her infancy has been the most curious pattern of ugliness, and has added to this forbidding and repulsive power the crabbiest temper in the world, you may call *virtuous*, if you please, but I never can think her so ; her severity towards the innocent wantonness of one of my sisters, exemplifies forcibly what has been said above. A woman who has struggled against the danger, and with difficulty escaped the fangs, of seduction, is naturally prone to indulgence and forgiveness.

" Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco,"

VIRGIL.

where is the merit of preserving a treasure which no one seeks to wrest from us? Now, with respect to the moral widow, Lady Duffledown, whom we have always heard mentioned as an inoffensive good kind of woman, how she could be edified by the incongruous medley exhibited at Sir William's Sunday Evening Readings, we are somewhat at a loss to conceive: but we conclude her Ladyship only staid the *play!* which was generally a sentimental comedy (alias a sermon) of Sir William's own composition; and which he read aloud for the *amusement* and instruction of his assembled friends. When this discourse was concluded, the guests were offered tea and coffee; and, after about an hour's cheerful conversation, the more pure and sober of the party retired; and amidst those of course was numbered the widow Duffledown: then commenced the *farce*, in which every one present took a part; and Sir William's list of amusements exceeded, in variety and taste, that of any

Conclusion.

theatre in the metropolis. There were, *What's my thought like?* Cross Purposes, Christmas Gambols, and Misletoe Forfeits; with imitations of Mr. Punch and his family, by the ingenious Miss Drogmore: in short, the games of feudal times united with modern manners to heighten the pleasures of the charming scene! After the owners of forfeits had paid the customary fines of kissing through the rails of the chairs, and other ridiculous sports, the whole ended with a cold collation, where the *rosy god* lent his aid: and thus was concluded Sunday night, and commenced Monday morning; for frequently, before Sir William's doors were closed on *all* his guests, "the dial pointed" half *past four o'clock*, and the sonorous voice of the drowsy watchman sounded the alarm to the jocund party. Such were the Sunday evening parties of Sir William Featherington, which, if not exactly formed to edify, will at least instruct.

OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

WITH A CONTINUATION OF

SIR WILLIAM FEATHERINGTON'S CHARACTER.

" Dicite, Pontifices, in Sacro quid facit Aurum ?" PERS.

THE Marquis of Waltham, after giving the above sketch, in his own gay, sarcastic manner, addressing himself to his sister, said, " Now, my dear Charlotte, be content to profit by the scrutiny of your brother; our sex gives us opportunity for a more enlarged information of mankind than your's;—where delicacy precludes female investigation, our sex penetrate without opprobrium.

Lady Charlotte was disappointed in the favourable opinion she had formed, and in that momentary predilection which had taken place in her heart; her humid eyes met those of her brother: she

pressed his hand between both her's; she did not speak, but the action was eloquent; and the Duchess relieved her, by saying, "upon my word, my dear Philip, I feel greatly obliged by your explanation; which has discovered to me the great impropriety of admitting, as a guest, so dangerous, though insignificant, a being: I was, equally with Charlotte, prepossessed in his favour, and I had built not a little on his forming an agreeable acquisition to our evening coteries; but now, all advances on his part, towards an intimacy, must be discouraged, and indeed rejected on our's." "Certainly," said Lady Charlotte, "for I will not, for a moment, doubt my brother's information, since he has pledged his veracity for its authenticity; and, with me, I thank God, it has hitherto been sufficient to be shewn worthlessness, and to shun it: yet I cannot help thinking it strange, that a character, which with all its subtlety, must, in a great degree,

Continued.

have become notorious, should be received into polished and respectable circles! No one can dispute either the virtue or nobility of the Dowager Lady Clairville; and about eight months since, her Ladyship spoke of Sir William Featherington, to me, in the highest terms: and does he not visit at the two maiden cousins, Lady Turnabout and Miss Snargate? and as to the moral widow, Lady Duffledown, she declares him a pattern of piety and prudence; and acknowledges openly, that she has been much edified by his Sunday evening parties. What, therefore, have we to say?"

"Pray Philip," said the Duchess, "Where have you gathered all these anecdotes? for upon my word, the subjects and extent of your knowledge both amuse and surprise me!" "From no less a source, my dear Duchess, than the evidence of my own ocular powers;" gaily answered his Lordship. "You

well know, that, on some occasions, *some persons,* who wish to have their rooms *filled at any rate,* are accustomed to send *cartes-blanches* to their several friends: now, this fashion, was practised by the Marchioness of Railton, the sister of the impoverished and profligate Lady Buckswarden, Sir William's friend and puffer. Now, as this said Marchioness really gives tolerable concerts and pleasant *petits soupers,* I took the arm of Charles Mordaunt, one evening, intending to amuse myself at one of her parties for half an hour: there I met, and was actually introduced to, the celestial Sir William Featherington, by the Marchioness, who was eloquent in his praises; which were echoed, with increased warmth, by her sister, the Lady Buckswarden. "No one, I believe," said the Marchioness, "ever blended the duties of his profession, with the urbanity and grace of polished life, like Sir William Featherington!"

concerning Sunday Evening Parties.

She then spoke of the propriety of his Sunday evening parties; and offered me a seat in her baronche on the next Sabbath. "They are the pleasantest things in the world," said the Lady Buckswarden, "and quite *uniques*, I assure you, my Lord Marquis; you will be really much amused."

As I certainly did imagine they would be, at least, *diverting*, I determined to accept the invitation offered me by the Marchioness. I accordingly accompanied her, on the following Sunday, to the *sanctuary* of Sir William; and the result of my observations are given in the detail before you.

Though the Marchioness did not quit the party immediately after coffee, yet she did not stay during the whole of the *farce*; but I, who was led there chiefly by curiosity, was resolved to sit it out; and as I joined in the Christmas games,

Continued.

and took care to have plenty of forfeits, I received for my pains several salutes from lips not uninviting, and from females not *unwilling!* Then rolled I home, smiling at the oddity of the business, and blessing myself, that no female relatives of mine were to be found *edifying* at Sir William's SUNDAY EVENING PARTIES!

Now, will you Charlotte, that I close my narrative? . . . For if not, I give you warning, what I shall further relate is not one particle more to the credit of Sir William than the statement already given: and, indeed, as some portion of the sequel is by no means fit for the female ear, I feel rather inclined to *shut the book!*"

"No, dear Brother," replied Lady Charlotte, "rather let us turn over a few more pages, with the hope of finding some good passages, to recompence us for the disagreeable ones already encountered.

by listening to so painful and disgusting a detail!"

"Did you ever hear, who the old lady was, that is reported to have presented him with one of her livings?"

"No," replied his Lordship, "but I have heard of an *Old Maid*, out of whom (driven by pecuniary embarrassment) Sir William sought to *make a living!* I think you told me, you once saw this *antique* at the Dowager Lady Clairville's!"

"I do not, now, recollect the circumstance," said Lady Charlotte. "Bless me!" continued the Marquis, "Surely you have not forgotten your coming home one morning last winter, and telling the Duchess you had been taking lessons of economy; learning how to travel without incurring the expence of stopping at inns; and how to keep servants without feeding them!"

The Empress of the Birch.

"Oh!" said Lady Charlotte, laughing, "You mean Miss Deborah Darnwell, of Lovedale Cottage!" "To be sure I do," replied her brother. "Some few years since, this lady was supreme Empress of the *birch*; but a *distant* relation of considerable property, and a great admirer of Miss Deborah's economy and prudence, determined to leave it where there was no danger of its being squandered on the luxuries of the table, reduced by acts of benevolence, or an ostentatious display of charity; therefore he bequeathed to his relative, Miss Deborah Darnwell, an handsome independance; upon which she dismissed her young brood, collected together the sums due to her, set up her carriage, and built Lovedale Cottage. She turned her steel collars into scrapers for her doors, her leather back-bracer's into harnesses, her stocks into hayracks, and kept her birches to light the fires. And now, you often see her, with a poor woe-begone coach-

Economy in high Life.

man, driving round to the cheap shops in the great city, in order to buy bargains. So remarkable is she for this last-mentioned amusement, that her friends observe, when a shop advertises to be selling off, at *prime cost*, they generally look for Miss Deborah's bust as a surer sign of a profitable market, than the Three Pigeons or the Bee-hive, &c. Then, when she has fagged out her coachman, her horses, and *herself*, she stops to refresh at the table of her friends; and while she is regaling on a sumptuous *dejeuné à la fourchette*, at the hospitable Lady Clairville's, her coachman either grumbles on his box, or feasts in the kitchen, at the expence of this generous lady.

After the cravings of nature are satisfied in the mistress and her servant, she commands to be driven home; but just stops about two miles from town, to give the *poor beasts some water!* She reaches

The Art of saving a Dinner.

Lovedale Cottage about six in the evening; it is too late then to order dinner; and she did not think of staying so long. "What have you done, Martha?" she says to the cook.

Martha sullenly answers, "Ma'am we eat the bit of cold mutton; to be sure it wasn't very sweet! but when one is hungry one may swallow a rat for that matter."

Miss Deborah never allowed herself to appear angry; on these occasions she *felt* that she had *saved a dinner*, and that made her the more self-satisfied and complacent: so making no other reply, than, "We will have an early cup of tea," she usually withdrew to her little closet, and settled her accounts of the day."

"Upon my word, my dear Philip," said the Duchess, "You are a perfect

master of the graphic art; what would become of me, without the help of your entertaining powers? But tells us, was this lady, who *cut so close*, ever thought of for a wife by Sir William Featherington? Such an ill-associated union could but have produced dissonance and discord!"

"Why, at the time Sir William pursued this magnanimous design, his affairs were desperate; and matrimony, ladies, at best is but an adventurous game; doubtless, Sir William Featherington had thought, that of two evils before us our wisest alternative is to chuse the least: he also called in his recollection to his aid, and perfectly agreed with the Poet, who says,

"The joys of wedlock with its woes we'll mix;
"'Tis best repenting in a coach-and-six."

But all the powers of Sir William proved abortive. The chaste virgin regarded

not his protestations; she was a sample of pure and spotless adamant: she ruminated on her pillow at night—the pocket which contained her purse and her banker's book obtruded itself to her ear—she gently removed its station—Sir William instantly associated in her mind—"If I marry him," she cried, "ye will be no longer mine; another power will, perhaps, lord it over us, and I who know your value so well, shall I give you a new master? Shall any other than myself claim a right to Lovedale Cottage?" She raised herself suddenly from her couch, snatched her pocket from the pillow, tucked it tight under the bolster, laid her head on the sacred deposit; and that action was the death-blow to the hopes of Sir William Featherington!

Three days afterwards she sent him an UNEQUIVOCAL REFUSAL.

This circumstance so completely dis-

appointed and exasperated the titled divine, that he forgot his usual mild sapience, and broke out into most unbecoming invectives against all *old maids;* he marked with epithets most opprobrious Miss Deborah Darnwell, whose callous obduracy had, at her time of life, with her scanty and withered charms, caused her to refuse the honour Sir William intended her, of becoming the protector of her person and *fortune!* In extenuation, however, of Miss Deborah's want of sensibility to the happiness offered her in an union with Sir William, and in behalf of her prudence, I must inform you, that there were other co-operating circumstances, which had their weight in determining her refusal.

Some persons urged by a malicious, or equally sinister, motive, had set forth the character of Sir William to the lady in a most despicable point of view; had represented him as an unprincipled and dis-

tressed man, who was merely seeking to better his fortune by an alliance, which offered to extricate him from his pecuniary embarrassments.

This report opened Miss Deborah's eyes more widely to the contemplation of Sir William's motives. He had, it is true, succeeded in persuading her to believe, that the scandalous information originated from the unfortunate prepossession of the lady, at that time the guest of Lady Clairville; and who, having mistaken his, *compassionate attentions* for more *tender motives*, was wounded at the prospect of his union with Miss Deborah; and had taken the means of traducing Sir William's character, in order to dissolve the approaching connexion. And here let me observe to you, ladies, that there is scarce any act, which has disgraced the character of Sir William Featherington, as a man and a gentleman, more than the baseness of his conduct in

this particular instance. For though he might have traced the source of the calumny spread against him, to the concern and indignation of an offended mistress, or some other cause more remote; yet it flattered his vanity, and suited his purpose to feign a belief, that the slanderous accusation owed its origin to the wounded feelings and jealous emotions of Lady Clairville's guest. He, therefore, not only caused the amiable Dowager to believe Mrs. Grafton the author, but used his influence with that dignified Lady to the prejudice of the suffering and much-injured female then beneath her roof; and his specious and invidious designs so far succeeded, as not only to induce Lady Clairville to give some credit to his hints and assertions, but occasioned it to be universally believed by several of Mrs. Grafton's friends: and this already deeply afflicted woman had to unite to the keenest domestic troubles, that of seeing herself received with estranged and

unaccountable coldness by friends whom she loved, and whose attention and kindness had been her chief solace during the scene of her sorrows.

"I did not think," continued the Marquis, "when I commenced the narrative of this man, to have been led so far; he has occupied too much of our attention: but as I am fully acquainted with every circumstance of this last-mentioned incident, I cannot smother my abhorrence, nor help making you acquainted with its enormity.

"In mentioning Mrs. Grafton's name, I have not only exceeded my first intention, but have also infringed on a promise given to that interesting woman. I know her well, and frequently meet and converse with her at the houses of several families of rank and respectability. In the course of our acquaintance she was induced from some circumstances which arose one even-

Continued.

ing in her presence, relative to the conduct of Sir William Featherington, to give me soon after a plain statement of the whole affair: she shewed me the copies of several letters, which she had addressed to him on the subject of his vile and ungenerous conduct; but to neither of which could the guilty culprit return an answer.

I have not given every circumstance of this iniquitous affair; and, as I before observed, there are other anecdotes in my possession, with which I would not offend the ears of my MOTHER and SISTER. Suffice it, therefore, that, in the character before you, you have by no means an exaggerated account; and I conclude my history with this wish, that the good fortune which has given to Sir William so lucrative a benefice as that of Bryarsfeldt, may so operate on his mind, as to occasion a general reformation in his conduct; and that, at some subsequent period,

Conclusion.

Charlotte shall be enabled to pen the *sequel* of Sir William's history, under the promising title of "THE CONTRITE VICAR; or, *Virtue Triumphant.*"

The Duchess and Lady Charlotte joined, cordially, in the charitable wish of the Marquis; who, after receiving their thanks for the information and amusement he had afforded them, wished them a good night, promising at their next readings to give them an instance of the force of female ambition.

MRS. PERCIVAL.

" Sunt Delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus."
Hor. Art. Poet.

This lady is a fortunate heroine of the drama, who, by an easy and affluent marriage, has been enabled to quit her public profession, and live in all the comforts of independent wealth.

Her countenance was handsome, and her fine form might defy all the scrutiny and minute investigations of the statuary; who could not forbear to confess, that it came the nearest in size, proportion, and dimensions, to the famed Venus of Medicis, formerly the pride of the Florentine Gallery, as now of the Napoleon.

Like that captivating statue, the figure of Mrs. Percival, then Miss Smythe, was more inclined to the *petite*, than the ma-

jestic, and yet, though so truly feminine, she made the most attractive appearance in the masculine habit than was ever witnessed before, or since, on the stage. She had the most important requisites for this attire: beautiful feet, well-turned ancles, and legs of the finest symmetry. Nature gave her such endowments, both in person and abilities, that she was expected to become the first in her profession: but she was in many respects the slave to art. Had she implicitly followed the steps of her liberal benefactress, who had so amply endowed her, she would have been a chaste, elegant, and classical actress; but being intoxicated with the applause her vocal powers produced, and which she once unfortunately overheard compared to those of the celebrated Miss Catley's, she now determined to make that lady the finished model of her imitation.

There are certain witcheries about one person, which captivate the senses irre-

sistibly, in spite of reason, against all love of decorum, all obtruding ideas of delicacy or elegance; while practised by another they would create disgust: what is this to be attributed to, but those fine touches of genuine nature, which speak imperiously to the heart!—Ann Catley was only the daughter of a poor publican; she had no cultivation except that a music and singing-master gave her, to improve the natural warblings of her nightingale voice: Miss Smythe was accomplished; possessed a genteel as well as lovely countenance; she was not low in birth; indeed, we are told, she endeavoured to convince the world that she was descended from a nobleman, famous as well for his high descent as for his superior literary talents; but we believe it would not do.*

Miss Smythe, by her imitations of one who had so long and so justly been the favourite of the town, pleased the indis-

She changes her Manner.

criminating multitude: but the nice-judging critic, and delicate auditor, perceived that, presuming on the indulgence of a crowded house, Miss Smythe was getting bold and vulgar.

When first she played Euphrosyne, in Milton's Comus, she had the true idea of the character; agile, various, playful, not *languishingly* but *gaily* voluptuous; or, as the French express it, truly *folâtre*: she gave to the charmed imagination the most accurate semblance of this personification of youthful and frolic mirth. When she adopted Miss Catley's Euphrosyne, she depicted the sailor's girl, dancing a mock hornpipe, in a public-house: her song of,

> "All I ask of mortal man,
> "Is to love me while he can."

was given with nods, winks, and leers, which belong to the *frailest* of the *frail*

sisterhood only; and which, if the immortal bard who penned the beautiful masque could be restored to sight and life, and see his character of elegant mirth thus cruelly torn to pieces, he would be compelled to drive the representative, notwithstanding her youth, sex, and beauty, from off the stage, and wish himself blind again.

This character was not only mistaken by Mrs. Percival, but it is too generally so. The Lady whom Comus wishes to delude, is of the most refined and consummate virtue; vice then must be represented to her under its most alluring, most elegant, and delicate forms; and Euphrosyne must not appear as if she received her education from Drury-lane or Portsmouth Point.

However, Mrs. Percival's character is unimpeachable in point of chastity; but she was possessed of a vanity and ambi-

tion not easily bounded; the former displayed itself in every refined coquetry in the decoration of her personal charms; but she had one defect in her outward adorning, which, *whenever* and by *whoever* adopted, we always think bespeaks not only a vulgar, but, in some degree, indelicate mind; which is that of drawing the eye to the leg by fanciful and studied ornaments.

Miss Smythe was a fine dancer; and we allow her on those occasions, especially on *a benefit night*, the display of so beautiful an ancle, enveloped in pink silk stockings, profusely spangled with silver. But we are assured, that the same shining appendages have graced her supporters in the promenades of Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park. T is decoration, even on the boards, savours more of St. Bartholemew Fair, and the player, making one of a company of strollers, than of the genteel and elegant actress, belonging

to one of those two theatres, whose correctness was unrivalled in the whole civilized world: but in public walks, when in the character of a private gentlewoman, such gaudy ornaments are unpardonable.

Mrs. Percival was never a woman of *amorous* intrigue; but she knew how to lay her plans for her future establishment in life; she found she had captivated the heart of Mr. Percival, a gentleman of large fortune; and she succeeded in entirely drawing away his affections from an accomplished lady, to whom he was solemnly, and almost irrevocably, engaged, in an honourable way.

In Miss Rawlins, the above lady, she had a formidable rival to deal with: the endowments of her mind, and her literary talents, had rendered her justly celebrated.

She was, like Miss Smythe, ungifted

by fortune, and very much her inferior in personal attractions; but she was not unpleasing: perfectly the gentlewoman in her appearance and manners, and of an irreproachable character, she did no discredit to Mr. Percival's choice, who had long been, in outward semblance, sincerely attached to her, till the fascinating Miss Smythe made him her captive.

Mr. Percival had, however, carried matters so far with Miss Rawlins, that she had frequent letters in her possession, under his hand, with earnest and supplicating entreaties for her to name the happy day when he might make her, by marriage, his own, for life: indeed, one letter, he would now have given worlds he had never written; which proved, that through his, and her brother's persuasions, she had modestly, though willingly, granted her consent to be wedded to him, on such a day that he had specified; and his letter, in consequence,

breathed all the rapture which an ardent lover might be supposed to experience when arrived at the summit of his wishes.

The brother of Miss Rawlins was a clergyman; a man of high spirit, ready to resent the smallest neglect shewn to his sister, and to come forward and support her fair fame, and to chastise whoever should dare to sully it; such is a brother's duty; and we heartily wish that there were a few more (who hold this sacred relationship) of the Reverend Mr. Rawlin's description.

After the consent of Miss Rawlins was obtained, Mr. Rawlins fancied he perceived an apparent coldness in Mr. Percival's behaviour: his frequent absences, on pretence of urgent business, were at first admitted as apologies; but when this affectionate brother saw anxiety painted on the countenance of his sister, at the long detention

of Mr. Percival from her residence, he began to be alarmed; yet he commanded his feelings, fearful of adding to the mental pain which was consuming his beloved sister.

In the mean time Miss Smythe triumphed over the enslaved heart of Mr. Percival: he braved every thing—he forgot all his former engagements to Miss Rawlins—all fear of her brother sunk under the victorious power of conquering love—and he was publicly married to the idol of his changed affections.

It is useless, as well as impossible, to pourtray the feelings of Miss Rawlins: her brother determined on making her perjured lover suffer, in some degree, for the outrage committed against his sister's peace of mind.

Miss Rawlins is a woman of rather masculine understanding, and possessed

She is a Favourite with every one.

of that kind of spirit which by many is styled, and not quite inaptly, self-applause! These are qualifications which belong more to the head than the heart, and seldom impart much warmth to the latter. She, therefore, bridled the impetuosity of her feelings by the aid of cool philosophy, and endeavoured to root from her mind all the remains of affection she might have formerly had for Mr. Percival. She willingly, then, acceded to her brother's proposal to sue her inconstant lover for a breach of promise of marriage.

He was adjudged guilty, *nem. con.* and Miss Rawlins obtained from him an handsome settlement, whereby she was enabled to live in genteel style, keep her footman, &c.; and by her own correct conduct and behaviour, by her literary tatents, and the respectability of her family, she ensured to herself that importance in

She is a Favourite with every one.

society, which made her acquaintance regarded as an honourable acquisition.

Her happy and fortunate rival, raised from the state of life she had followed for support to be the wife of a gentleman of fortune, did not meet, at first, with quite the flattering countenance she expected: she was regarded, somewhat obliquely, as an artful supplanter, in spite of her beauty and attractions.

Fascinating as she already was in her manners, she found, however, she must change her plan of behaviour: she was no longer, then, the gay, the love-inspiring, theatrical adept; but she adopted a demeanour chastely insinuating, and becoming the youthful matron. Miss Rawlins began to lose, daily, in a great degree, her interest; her story was no longer new: Mrs. Percival knew how to be *ever* so! She could amuse and delight the gay; she was mildly sweet and

gentle with the grave; and with the valiant sons of Mars she could sing all the airs in the CAMP, divert them, and excite their wonder and admiration, by the display of those military *manœuvres*, which in her famous character of NANCY, in that entertainment, she had been so well-instructed to perform. Her late rival was laughed at in her presence, stigmatized with the appellation of a disappointed old maid, and all the gentlemen unanimously declared, that they should have acted the same as Mr. Percival, had they been so happy as to have been in his place.

Miss Rawlins is still in a state of celibacy, and we believe is likely to remain so: the settlement made her by Mr. Percival being for her life, she yet retains it.

Mrs. Percival is a widow; her ambition still predominates: and, at this time, her visionary fabrics are raised high

A distant View of a Coronet.

indeed! A ducal coronet swims before her eyes! She is resolved, at any rate, to try to grasp it; and she builds her hopes on that probability, which the season of dotage and decaying intellect afford to her view.

For this grand purpose she has taken up her residence very near the dwelling of an amorous old Duke, who was always a great admirer of her theatrical talents, and who has often declared, in her hearing, that she was the finest made woman he ever beheld: and who that knows his Grace can doubt his experience, or his connoisseurship, of all the *contours* of feminine beauty.

Mrs. Percival is frequent in her attentions and visits to the Duke, on the slightest of those indispositions which his Grace so frequently experiences: she knows him to be possessed of a grateful and a generous mind; and as she is still

handsome, still captivating *, and her conduct strictly chaste (closely copying that of Madame de Maintenon towards Louis XIV., who always sent him away *pleased,* but never *satisfied),* Mrs. Percival still cherishes the illusion of being, one day, a Duchess; an illusion which, we *think,* and the Duke's relations *hope* and *trust,* will never be verified.

* She, at all the periods of her life, and even now, had powerful charms to please, as well in private company as in public; her smile is bewitching, her voice, in conversation, sonorous without *arguteness,* and she invariably brings to the mind the sweet girl of the poet;

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem. Hor. Car. I. Od. 22.

GEORGE MEADOWES, ESQ.

" Vehemens in utramque partem es nimis." TER.

THIS Gentleman had the misfortune of having one of the most indulgent fathers, who suffered his son to launch into every species of extravagance to which he might be prompted either by caprice or inclination.

At the age of three-and-twenty he was sent to study the law at Gray's-Inn; but though he had there very good chambers, he put his father to the expence of taking for him elegant private lodgings in Bedford-Row: while the old gentleman, who was immensely rich, honoured all his extravagant bills upon him, and let him want for no one luxury of life; not reflecting that he had three young daughters, whose fortunes, by this prodigal partiality, he was most considerably injuring.

A Sketch.

Opposite to the lodgings of young Meadowes lived a beautiful servant girl: her father, a country shopkeeper, had failed, and taken it so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. The rich inhabitants of the village made a collection for the mother, and set her up again in a little shop; but her daughter, her "blue-eyed Patty," obtained the place of upper housemaid to a lady who lived in London, and whose sister had been, since her father's death, her mother's best friend.

Nothing could surpass the perfect beauty of this young creature: she had not only the most lovely complexion in the world, with regular features, but the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance were irresistible, while her form had every charm of grace and symmetry.

The lady, her mistress, was very anx-

ious and careful about this lovely servant; she repented having brought her into the house: her husband was a man of an amorous complexion, and very handsome; and he would roll his large black eyes, with much meaning expression, over the face and form of the blushing Patty as she waited at table: while his wife, (whether from jealousy, or any other cause, though she gave her handsome wages, made her many pretty presents, and nursed her like a tender mother, if she was sick,) made the poor girl little better than an household drudge; for, notwithstanding she was called upper-housemaid, and paid accordingly, she had to do every thing in common with the lowest servant; to clean the street door, open and close the parlour outside shutters, and many such kind of offices.

While her well-turned arms have been trundling a mop, or fastening back the

Love makes him neglect the Law.

shutters, Young Meadowes has been gazing at his windows*, and, unused to control any one inclination, he felt assured that nothing but the possession of his adored Patty could ever restore him to any prospect of happiness. His chambers were given up, and the study of the law, so requisite for a gentleman of fortune, totally neglected. He was a fine handsome young man, of a very dashing and gentlemanly appearance. Patty could not be ignorant of the motives which brought him so often to the window; nor could she help admiring his very fine

* "Come per acqua, ò per cristallo intero
"Trapassa il raggio, e nol divide o parte;
"Per entro il chiuso manto osa il Pensiero
"Si penetrar ne la vietata parte;
"Ivi si spatiæ, ivi contempla il vero
"Di tante maraviglie à parte à parte;
"Poscia al Desio le narra e le descrive
"E ne fà le sue fiamme in lui più vive."

GIERUSAL. LIBER. Cant. iv.

person; and, with all the imprudence of seventeen, she used, in the absence of her mistress, to take her needle-work and seat herself in the drawing-room windows.

Young Meadows never stirred from home, except to take an hasty dinner at the Gray's Inn Coffee-House and Tavern; he began to make use of signs, held up letters, &c.: Patty took no notice of them. At length seeing her one Saturday evening, after a very hard day's work, attired in a coarse, dark, stuff gown, checked apron, and all the other insignia of drudgery, but in which habiliments she looked that night, if possible, more lovely than ever; after she had washed the door, not without some apparent symptoms of fatigue, he swore to himself the most sacred oath that she should never be employed in so menial an office again.

He soon saw her master and mistress

He declares his Passion.

go out, dressed, to spend the evening. As Patty was closing the shutters, she felt her hand suddenly pressed with gentleness and respect; and she saw Mr. Meadowes standing beside her—he swore he could not live without her—that no power on earth should suffer him any longer to see her in so servile a situation: and, whatever libertinism of conduct there has been in Mr. Meadowes' life since his marriage, we must do him the justice to say, that there was a purity of affection in his love for the innocent Patty which made seduction only a momentary and quickly repented-of idea. When he begged her instantly to fly with him, and suffer him to provide her with comfortable lodgings, he soon found out the stedfast virtue of her mind; he humbly imploredpardon, and requested her to receive him in the character of an honorable lover; this was easily accepted by a young, inexperienced, artless girl, from an handsome man, a man of fortune, with whom she would live in love,

comfort, and ease, and eat no more the bitter and hard-earned bread of laborious servitude.

The attractions of Patty's person increased every day; her figure grew tall, upright, and elegant; happy in her future prospects, her eyes sparkled with new brilliancy, and the fresh rose of youth heightened its tint on her glowing cheeks. She made a complete conquest of her master; who would often call her to brush his coat, thank her, and gently tap her snowy bosom; sometimes he would endeavour forcibly to snatch a kiss from her lovely lips, but this freedom she never would suffer; and when he has endeavoured to argue with her on the innocence of these liberties, she has said, "Sir, I know my situation; do not let me see that you forget your's, and make me despise a master I would wish to respect."

The master's love, however, rendered him a vigilant spy, and he, one night,

detected the young lovers in close conference at the street-door. He asked the young gentleman what brought him there? "Your housemaid, Sir, Patty Harris," replied Mr. Meadowes. "Pray, Sir," said the master, "what are your intentions?"—Nothing less than honourable marriage, Sir!"—"Have you your father's consent?"—"That, Sir, does not concern you!"—and the gentlemen parted in high dudgeon.

The master called his servant into his *little favourite retired parlour*. "Patty," said he, "you are a good girl; I will always be your friend; I will make your fortune; have nothing more to say to that young rake. Do you imagine his father will ever consent to his marriage with you? His father, child, is one of the wealthiest country gentlemen in England; no, my sweet Patty, you shall no longer work; but promise me, faithfully, to have done with that coxcomb."

Fortitude, and deserved Reproof.

"Sir," said she, do not imagine I will ever accept of any protection or favour from you, a married man, the husband of a mistress, who has, in many instances, been extremely kind to me. If Mr. Meadowes' father will not pardon his marrying me, his profession in the law will help to support us, and it is impossible I can work harder than I do at present. If you continue to hold the discourse with me which you have begun this night, and which you have before aimed at, I shall think it my duty to acquaint my mistress with the whole of your conduct towards me."

Her master now thought it time to suffer his captive to escape, and leave the obstinate girl to her fate: she had, that night, conquered all her timidity; her lover had just prevailed upon her to allow their names to be called in church: as Patty was under age, and his father's acquaintance lying very much among

The Bans are published.

the Doctors of the Commons, he foresaw all the difficulty of procuring a license, without much investigation, and he thought it better to marry without his father's consent, than against it; for the old gentleman, so indulgent to his only son, and so liberal in pecuniary allowances, had very high prospects for him in a matrimonial alliance, and would not be easily coaxed to pardon a step, which brought into his family the daughter of a country shop-keeper, and the housemaid of a London Merchant.

It was necessary Patty should quit her place, and take lodgings in the parish of that church in which their bans were published; she accordingly wrote to her mother; who came immediately to town, rejoicing in the happiness of her daughter, trusting that parental anger would soon blow over, and that her child would be welcomed to affluence and elegance. As soon as they were married

she returned to her business in the country, after receiving a present of a few guineas from her son-in-law; but we believe it was all he could afford to give her, for his bills on his father had been immense and frequent, to defray the expences of his wedding, and clothe his beloved girl as became the wife of a man of fashion and fortune; her new dignity did not sit awkwardly upon her; her father had given her that education which the best school in the country could afford, for a poor man! he never thought his daughter would be obliged to go out to service; she had a large share of natural understanding and refined sense; a taste for drawing had been cultivated by a master, who used to attend and give lessons about the country, and who, owing her father money, was very ready to teach so apt and fair a pupil to cancel his debt: she had a sweet natural voice in singing, and her loving husband instantly procured a master, who was to be

indefatigable in his attendance, and give lessons, for which he was to be paid his own price, to teach her the Spanish guitar. She was so very quick, and had so fine an ear, that she was able, in a very short time, to play twenty new songs, which she would accompany with the sweet wild notes of her voice; so that young Meadowes flattered himself, he should present a bride somewhat accomplished to his father and sisters: true it was, the redness of her hands and arms, occasioned by hard work, was a long time wearing off; though every possible remedy was used; such as Lily paste, Almond paste, and Bandana soap: she wore very long sleeves, and her hands were always enveloped in gloves, except when the constant music-master attended.

Young Meadowes now drew a bill on his father for the sum of five hundred pounds; intending to discharge his lodgings, and carry his bride down to the pa-

rental mansion, in some style: he thought it better to go, and confess all, than write; because he still beheld his Patty with the eyes of idolatry, and he thought it would be utterly impossible for any human being to withstand such loveliness: he was surprised at receiving from his father a letter, containing a Bank Bill for fifty pounds only, with the following laconic answer:

"GEORGE,

"Your extravagance is insupportable! I am told you have a fine mistress, whom you keep in great splendor; nay, it has been reported to me, that you are actually married. Mind, though I shall be sorry to see you the dupe of one of those harpies, a patronized mistress, yet I will sooner forgive that than the latter; for, if you had married a woman of any credit or family, you would have asked my consent, or brought your bride down here: therefore, if you are married, and

to the person report says, never see my face again.

"ANDREW MEADOWES."

Happily for Mrs. Meadowes her husband had not *yet* felt any abatement of his love for her. Old Meadowes was soon convinced that the report of his son's marriage was not unfounded; his sweet and amiable daughters, whose fortunes their beloved brother was daily diminishing, used every intreaty, every persuasion they could think of, to induce the old gentleman to pardon his son: at last he consented to send him up an hundred pounds more, and he wrote him word, if he liked he might bring down his awkward *mop-squeezing* wife, and remain a little while at the Hall, as he was going to a neighbouring fox-chace.

How delighted were the sisters with their brother's choice! A sweet, sensible, unassuming Pamela seemed to stand be-

fore them, and again to shew "Virtue rewarded;" but she was without the knowing art and affected prudery of Richardson's heroine.

Nothing could be more elegant than the persons, manners, and dress of the three Miss Meadowes': free from envy, they delighted in raising their sister to the model of their politeness: little instruction was necessary; she caught, almost instantaneously, the manners of her amiable tutoresses; and before she had been a month at the hall, she appeared the finished woman of fashion.

One day, after she had completed her toilette for the afternoon, she had descended to the dining parlour, and accompanied her guitar with her voice. The *Spanish* guitar is very superior to the common, simple, instrument of that name; it is played by all the Spaniards who are well-skilled in music, and is now the

favourite accompaniment to a lady's voice in all the politer circles of Paris. We believe they have erroneously given the name of the *lute* to this instrument, in England. Its tones so perfectly resemble that of the harp, that a listener, not seeing the performer, would imagine it to be one; while the art of playing on it is learnt in as few lessons as is requisite to teach the common guitar.

As Mrs. Meadowes was thus seated, singing with that ease which a person feels, however timid, when they imagine no one is near, old Mr. Meadowes unexpectedly arrived. He stopped in the hall; he thought he heard an harp; he knew his daughters played only the Piano-Forte;—the voice had a peculiar sweetness, which, though the Miss Meadowes sung scientifically, had in its mellow tones nothing similar to their's.

He entered the dining parlour. He was

Old Mr Meadowes. *"I have been listening, some time at the Door, delighted."*

Young Mrs Meadowes. *"I hope not, Sir."*

Vide. Vol 1. Page 295

struck with the bewitching appearance of the interesting young creature which presented herself to his view. She rose, addressed him with politeness, thinking he was some country gentleman who had been invited to dinner; and as she stood before him, she displayed a form of the finest symmetry and grace;

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

Her dress was a delicately white muslin of a very fine texture, and the fashion of her robe was such as set off the *contour* of her lovely figure to the best advantage: a few ringlets of her bright nut-brown hair sported carelessly over her face, while its fine length was confined in braids by a pearl comb.

"I beg, young lady," said her father-in-law, "I may not interrupt the charming employment you were engaged in; I have been listening, some time, at the

door, delighted." "I hope not, Sir," said the blushing Mrs. Meadowes. "I should imagine," replied he, "a countenance so expresive of good nature would not be displeased at imparting pleasure to others. But how long has this village been blessed in such an acquisition as yourself? for I will flatter myself you are some very near neighbour; amongst all my daughter's young friends, I am sure I never saw you before."

Mrs. Meadowes now felt a sudden trembling come over her; she had been conversing with her husband's father, who had vowed never to receive her. She said, "I will inform the young ladies you are here, Sir. Mr. Meadowes took her hand; "No, my charming young lady, pray do not leave me; my girls generally take a long time at their toilette when they dress for dinner, and seldom come down till a few minutes before it is on the table." "Pardon me, Sir,"

A Scheme in View.

said the trembling Mrs. Meadowes, "but I am sure they do not know you are arrived." She then almost flew to the dressing-room of her sisters, and told them all that had past.

"I wish," said Miss Eliza, the second sister, "George was not so impetuous: otherwise you should go down to dinner as a stranger, till we found the old gentleman quite prejudiced in your favour; and then, after dinner, George should confess all."

They just then saw their brother returning home from his morning's walk: his sisters beckoned him, from their window, to come up stairs; but the old gentleman opened the parlour-door, and ordered him into his presence.

"I hope, Sir," said young Meadowes, "you call me to assure me of that forgiveness which I again humbly solicit?"

The Catastrophe.

Mr. Meadowes doted on his son; he looked at him, he saw him handsomer than ever. "George," said he, "you know I love you: I thought, I hoped, you had more pride than to take the rash and foolish step you have done. Now here is a sweet young creature, I have not yet learnt who she is, but I declare I would have forgiven you, if you had married her without a shilling." "I dare say, Sir," said George, "it is my wife you have seen." "Your wife!—not she; this is an elegant, polite, genteel young woman, fit to adorn the drawing-room of any nobleman in the kingdom: not your *cinder-sifter*, I assure you: but keep the creature out of my sight, don't let her want for any thing the house affords, but never let her come near me!"

George ran up stairs to his sister's dressing-room. It yet wanted half-an-hour to dinner: he scorned to listen to their advice, but seizing his wife by the hand,

he forcibly led her down stairs into the presence of his father. "Sir," said he, as they both knelt at his feet, "you cannot retract what you have said in favour of this beloved woman! You have said, she would adorn the most exalted state; can you, then, wonder at your son, if he had penetration enough to discover it when she was clothed in the coarse and humble garb of industry?"

"Rise, my children," said the agitated Mr. Meadowes; "I cannot, indeed, my son, I cannot blame your choice." He then tenderly embraced his daughter, and the happy family sat down to dinner, where mirth and joyful reconciliation presided over the hospitable board.

Soon after this event, in about eight months from that day, old Mr. Meadowes was suddenly taken off by a fit of apoplexy. On opening his will, the

large family estate, with its rich appendages, devolved to his only son; from the unbounded indulgence of the father, and the unlimited extravagance of that son, the daughters' fortunes were found to be but very small indeed! Bred up to nothing but a life of ease, fashion, and affluence, they felt this privation of wealth most keenly. Their brother, affectionately embracing them, assured them they should always live, as usual, at the Hall, and he would do every thing in his power to make their lives comfortable, and amend their fortunes.

His wife being far advanced in her first pregnancy, he left her at the Hall, to take a full swing of his darling pleasures of dear London. How many envied the lot of Mrs. Meadowes! how few had cause! A young woman, in the situation she was then in, seldom looks well: but she had looked remarkably so all the time; and the most trying time,

except the last, being over, her sisters were shocked to see the deep dejection which marked her countenance: they begged she would permit them to send for her mother, but she refused it with energy; knowing how ill she could be spared from the business of her little shop; and that Mr. Meadowes had never expressed a wish, nor even had done any thing, to serve her.

Poor blue-eyed Patty was no longer a novelty! and many was the country girl, already, though he had only been married ten months, who had to rue the day she lent an ear to the flatteries of the young squire.

In about a month after the departure of Mr. Meadowes for London, his wife was delivered of a daughter: the sisters wrote to their brother, thinking to delight him with the news: he wrote

tolerably kind to Mrs. Meadowes, but his letter to his elder sister was cold and distant: he was much disappointed, he said, at his child being a girl; but begged, for heaven's sake, it might be named after its aunt Eliza or Harriet; he cared not which, but, on no account, to give it its mother's vulgar name of Patty! that he had particular business in town, which rendered it impossible for him to go to the country for a month, at least: during that period the sisters heard, from undoubted authority, that he was keeping a favourite mistress in high splendour: this, however, they carefully kept from Mrs. Meadowes, who pleased with her new state, and her little healthy darling, felt a portion of content, though keenly feeling her husband's neglect.

Nothing could appear so sweetly interesting as this lovely young woman, at this

period; her skin might vie with alabaster; her well-turned arms and taper fingers were now no longer coarse and red, but white as an unsullied lily. The sisters all wrote, intreated their brother to come down and see the most beautiful sight in nature.

He came at their earnest persuasions; he beheld this picture of young maternal beauty with cold indifference, though an husband and a father, and though he beheld a child her exact resemblance: decency, however, required his stay till the christening of his daughter was over; he behaved tolerably well to his wife, and civil to his sisters. They knew he was returning back to his guilty pleasures and abandoned mistress; but they already felt their dependance, and feared to expostulate. Poor Mrs. Meadowes sighed when she saw him depart, and, tenderly as she still loved him, was often tempted to wish herself again a drudge in Bedford

row; but the sweet and gentle soothings of her kind sisters, her dear little girl, growing every day and increasing in beauty, often gave cheerfulness to her heart and hopes, that her worthless husband would one day be better. Alas! fond woman,—if thou art a wife, when man once forsakes thee for another, and uses thy virtues ill, while he pampers vice and wantonness, depend upon it all thy love and attention will never regain the wanderer.

In the summer Mr. Meadowes paid them a long visit; seemed better pleased with his child, who began to take notice of him, and in a few months Mrs. Meadowes found herself in a second state of pregnancy.

It seemed as if every new child inspired Mr. Meadowes with the idea of a new mistress; for now he kept two; and, without dwelling on the sameness of the life

of his unhappy wife, before she brought her third child into the world, a lovely boy, he had three!

His infidelities had come to her knowledge, and she was a wretched and melancholy wife; but her person seemed more delicately interesting, more charming, than ever.

Mr. Meadowes was delighted at hearing he had a boy: and now, the estate must be taken care of for his heir; but when he came to look into his affairs, dreadful was the state he found them in—he had immense debts—his sisters trifling fortunes were not yet paid, and he had drawn great sums from his banker, till his ready cash was almost exhausted.

He mortgaged the estate deeply, and it is said he has established himself in the firm of an eminent banking-house. He has realized many thousands in some

scheme or other; his sisters fortunes are paid, and the mortgage bought off.

But he is still a worthless husband, continuing to treat the grateful creature, who never reproaches him, with unfeeling barbarity, and lavishing his money on abandoned and mercenary mistresses; while, to gratify his pride, his wife is attired with elegance and splendour, but has seldom a guinea in her purse she can call her own.

LORD AND LADY HURST.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto." VIRGIL.

If the satirist thinks himself obliged to record the vices and folly of the age; if malice and envy delight in drawing aside the impenetrable curtain that surrounds the mysteries of the human heart, and exult at finding there the thistle and the nettle, thriving on the hot-bed of passions; yet the eye of the writer who wishes well to all his fellow-creatures, of either sex, of whatsoever age and rank they may be, cannot but be pleased at the inspection of some characters stamped by the heavenly hand of virtue, and he culls there, with heart-felt gratification, the lily of innocence and the laurel of learning, the rose

streets of the metropolis, at three o'clock in the morning.

The well-regulated succession of employments, the continual change of avocations, that life of abnegation, subordinate to the hour-hand of the dial, and a perpetual slave to the imperative tongue of the bell, taugbt him, at the university of Cambridge, a real knowledge of, and infused in him a decided love for, regularity.

The elementary diet of the college was congenial and wholesome to a body entirely subject to the lordly mind; and he carried every where that sense of temperance which had so much singularized him among his school-fellows. A man who could understand and feel with rapture *Homer* and *Virgil*, read *Milton* and *Tasso* with exstacy, laugh and philosophise with *Horace* and *Addison*, could

not be busy at *loo* and *faro,* or silent at *picquet* and at *whist.* Gamblers he had classed in his common-place book among the beasts of prey, and he avoided them as such.

Fraught with these dispositions, he came within the vortex of our system, and found himself an *extravagant* comet among the regular irregularities of high life. He was shunned by the fop and coxcomb, dreaded by the demi-sçavant and pert scholar, but well understood by the learned, and loved by the good. Conscious of rectitude of conduct and stability of mind, he saw, like the polar star, the rest of the merry throng dance through many a meandering zone around him, and as fixed and unmovable, concentrated himself in the narrow but not frigid circle of a few male and female friends, whom he cultivated with real pleasure and affection.

Their Marriage.

A young woman, of a good though not very ancient family, appeared to him destined to secure his terrestrial felicity; and, with the consent of his friends, he married her. Corruption and debauchery had not weakened the fibres of their understanding nor the sinews of their bodies; chastity had followed them both from the cradle to the altar; and, as the ties of Hymen were nought but the garlands of Love, their union was the lasting cement of connubial happiness.

Oh! blessed be ye for ever, most worthy couple! Why are you not read in your obvious sense by every one, that your example should impress the world with the dignity of your life, and force the wicked to tear off the black pages of their own character, and begin upon blank leaves the remaining part of their sublunary drama.

Two sons and a daughter are the off-

springs of there amiable parents. Reflected every moment in the unsullied mirror of their father and mother's conduct, their own is unblemished, and the foul breath of calumny has never yet succeeded in its endeavours to tarnish either.

Elected by the unbribed votes of the freeholders of a large county to be their representative, Lord Hurst, in the house of commons, thunders against corruption and increasing deterioration of constitutional principles—like a great character who is now no more, "he stands alone," inaccessible to flattery or interest; and the influence he may have in the distribution of favours and places is never directed by unlawful or exceptionable impulsion.

His Lady is the sharer of all the affections of his heart, all the perceptions of his soul; and their children, the dearest

Conclusion.

pledges of their love, keeping close to the healthy and solid stem, will bear fruit worthy of their origin.

CRITICISM BELOW STAIRS.

"Sic *magnis* componere *parva* solebam." VIRG.

WHILST the Marquis was entertaining the noble Duchess and his amiable sister with the foregoing anecdotes, *Betty Winker*, a favourite among the upper-maids, was sitting at one of the windows, nursing on her lap a pretty little French pug-dog, that had lately met with a most distressing accident: he had, poor soul! uneautiously jumped from one of the red damask chairs of the balcony, and then, in a frolick, or aiming at some passing birds, had fallen between the bars of the green railing into the area of the kitchen, to the great astonishment and dismay of all the inhabitants of the subterraneous regions, "O! Lud, O! Lud" exclaimed the splay-footed housekeeper,

A Distressing Accident.

"what shall we say to my Lady; the poor creature is killed at least:" the upper-maid, the *valet de chambre*, the French *cuisinier*, the butler, the other maids, the turnspit, and the maid-of-all-work, joined in the lamentation, *fœmineo ululatu;* and the horrid yell soon ascended to the apartments above: a sudden clap of thunder, on a cold morning in January, could not be more unexpected than this heart-breaking news, and surely would cause less astonishment and stupor. Doctor *Straightlegs* was sent for immediately, and the rumbling of his carriage from a mile's distance caused as much anxiety as his decision imported comfort to the distressed family.

After much examination and consultation, it was solemnly stated that *Bijou* had but slightly luxated his dexter collar-bone, and bruised the lower part of the *jugularis tensor;* that his left ear had only been squeezed between the water-tub,

A Nurse assigned to Bijou.

and the mop, and that his *molaris superior* had suffered but an inconsiderable concussion in the moment of the *lapsus inopinatus*. With several prescriptions for embrocations, pills, and lotions, the much-pitied sufferer was, with solemn caution, delivered into the hands and kind care of Miss Betty—after this peculiar and most important injunction, that she should have him in or on her bed at night, and on her lap by day, till his perfect convalescence was thoroughly achieved, and complete recovery publicly declared by the learned physician. Betty therefore was at her post, and rubbing up and down, with all possible gentleness, the white silken coat of the favourite, listened, *par maniére d'acquit*, to the interesting relations of the Marquis. But as soon as the last character was concluded, she hastened down stairs, and addressing Mrs. *Blump*, the housekeeper;—but ere we give our readers an account of the conversation, let us delineate faithfully

Mrs. Blump,

the several characters which composed the family; for we may from them obtain a certain and most interesting knowledge of another class of people, who, although moving in a lower sphere, have their aberrations, retrogradations, and eclipses, as well as the superior planets; their observations will prove the following saying, that,

"Un sot n'est pas toujours, aussi sot qu'on le pense."*

To begin by the principal character of the committee of inquiry below stairs, we shall inform the public, that Mrs. *Blump* was the daughter of a respectable hosier in Cheapside, and that, in her youthful days, the poor creature had been desperately in love with a sergeant-major in the London Militia, then quartered in the Old Bailey, with whom she had

* A fool is not always so foolish as he is thought.

many a time flirted in Hide-park, and other places of reviews and sham-fights; but the god of love is fickle, and the crimson-sashed hero soon proved unfaithful to the city damsel. Bundles of letters, boxes of ribbons, gilt gingerbread from Bartholomew fair and other noisy spots of genteel entertainment, were found in her well-papered trunk, by her suspecting father, who, before the laudable institution of the volunteer system, looked upon a soldier as one of the numerous butchers of human kind, and would never have consented to the union.

In vain the sexton of Bow-church, a bachelor of good fame and mild temper, sent his twelfth-cakes and valentines to the disconsolate Sally; a disparity of age was for her a sufficient objection, and she would hear no longer of the long-faced church-assistant. The pew-opener at St. Mildred, the hopeful son of a most devout old widow, whose husband had

She will hear of Love no more.

died worth five hundred pounds in the four-per-cents, had no better chance; in vain he presented her with a pair of paste-diamond ear-rings, bought *bran new* at a jeweller's in Sackville-street, and a silver needle-case he had found under one of the green cushions of the pews: his presents were not regarded, and he was *éconduit* without the least ceremony. The pastry-cook of the shop opposite to her father's had showered candied sweetmeets, sent *petits pâtes* of second-hand by dozens, and a pound-cake accompanied with verses "of his own composing;" he had no better success: in three words, the Sexton was too sulky, too pale in the face, and too old; the cook too blubberous and fat; the sacred turnkey too demure and lank: she would hear of love no more, and sat herself down quietly for an everlasting maid. However, some unforseen revolutions in her father's affairs having suddenly taken place, she was forced out of the paternal house, and con-

strained to become a lady's maid at Alderman Fulham's, where she lived in credit and happy, till her master dying of an indigestion, she was dismissed with the rest of the servants.

We shall not follow good Mrs. Blump through all the situations she held within the bills of mortality, to the house of Sir John Feeling, where, by a temporary dropsical sort of an illness, she was obliged to suspend her functions for a few months, and then re-appeared as thin and taper-waisted as ever; nor to the *boudoir* of Lady Prudell, where she was found, early in the morning, in close conversation with Polhill, my lady's hair-dresser, who had strayed there by mere chance; nor, indeed, down to the kitchen of Miss Roseville, an old spinster, who dismissed her inhumanly for having foolishly gutted a brace of woodcocks, and roasted them without a toast:—we take her as we find her, a creditable housekeeper in the

The Butler.

service and pay of the Duke of Pyrmont, a great crony with the butler, and a secret rival to Miss Betty *Winker*.

This gentleman, the butler we mean, was the most intimate confident of his Grace; indeed he had a right to his utmost favour, since he had saved his master's honour and life at a certain volcanic explosion that took place, a few years ago, in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, where an ancient model of the *sacellum* and temple of Venus *Callipyga* was completely destroyed and burnt to ashes. His Grace, and several others, amongst whom was a notorious priest of the goddess, had escaped by the first-floor windows, in a light dress, just as they had left the sacellum and sacred *pulvinar*;* hooted by the profane and ignorant mob, they were on

* The *pulvinar* was a kind of bolster or cushion, which the Romans used to place under the statues, or their gods, on particular days.

the point of being hustled back into the flames, when, supecting his master to have been officiating at the temple that night, the faithful butler brought garments to cover his accidental nudity. Mrs. Blump, who had been made privy to the transaction, found her interest to keep in with Mr. *Spruce;* and few people know how many bottles of Frontignac, Mountain, and Madeira, have distilled their delightful nectar on the lips of these two friends, as they always sat up after the whole family were gone to bed, in order to *put out the lights.* Treading lightly on tiptoe, often did curiosity lead Miss Betty to the door, and placed her listening ear to the key-hole, but in vain! she never heard any thing of consequence, nothing more than what is of course, viz. abusing the duke and his *ladies,* laughing at the duchess's vanity and dress, mimicking the prudery of Lady Charlotte, and the occasional simpering of *master* Philip.

Miss Winker.

Betty was the natural daughter of a petty-officer of the Custom-house, who, having been smuggled off by some ruffians, could no longer support, in the Minories, where he lived, the beautiful young Abigail whom he had seduced and led away from Rosemary-lane. However, tossed from place to place, always honest and naturally cheerful, Betty fared pretty well, and obtained both the high honour of being my lady's favourite, and the felicity of attracting the notice of Mr. Nathaniel Spruce and the pug-dog.

Monsieur Dubois was a native of *Marly*, near Paris, and had exercised the liberal art of cooking under the denomination of a French *cuisinier*, although his father was *Suisse de nation*, and porter at the gate of *Lucienne*, the country-seat of the unfortunate mistress of Louis XV. He came with that lady to England; but having left no property behind, and be-

ing particularly fond of our guineas, thought prudent not to go back to France. He spoke bad French, and worse English; was uncommonly fond of dancing, and a tolerable performer on the violin. Often would he pass his evenings, scraping at the bottom of the staircase, when the Duchess was at a rout, and solicit the *femmes de chambre* to a *cotillion* in the hall; but in the country he led a miserable life, talking of nothing but of the *jardins de Marly*, and contriving, with all kinds of gestures, to make his fellow-servants understand the whole secret and machinery of the famous water-works of that place; however, he had enough of the Frenchman about him to be in love with all women in the world; to wear constantly a flower at his button-hole, and never to appear before he had twisted the black ribbon of his queue. His mental faculties were not bright, but his vivacity was often taken for wit, and his politeness for good breeding.

Miss Sharpe, the Maid.

A cunning young woman, whose name was *Sharpe*, held the second station below Miss Betty. She was born at York, and sent to London by her friends as a maid-of-all-work, at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of Clapham; but, a few days after she had been there, a pair of silk stockings, the only pair that belonged to the Queen of the rod, walked, God knows how, into her trunk; and she was dismissed on a moment's notice. What could she do? No character to be obtained from her unforgiving mistress; to walk the streets at night would have been shocking to her mind and the ideas she had of virtue; by letters, in the most pathetic stile, she obtained a recommendation from a lady she was acquainted with, and the stain being thereby washed off, she, from situation to situation, climbed up and arrived at Lady Pyrmont's bed-chamber. She was pretty, and of a comely figure, and not unnoticed by *Monsieur Dubois*, who would swear,

par Dieu, that she was the *more handsome girl of de vorld.*

The valet-de-chambre was an Hibernian, of the illustrious and ancient family of *O'Killy-Bate;* and although Mr. *Dubois* thought himself obliged to admire him because he went to mass every Sunday, and ate fish on Christmas Eve (if he could get it), yet he wrote him down as a fool, always supposing his name to be, and generally translating it in his mind by the French words, "*O! qu'il est bête*, what a fool he is;" but Mr. *Dubois*, who might be a good judge of soups and fricandoes, of *entrées* and *entremets*, was egregiously mistaken there, for O'Killy was a clever fellow, with all the openness, warmth, and sincerity of an Irishman, and the steadiness of a Briton. His brogue had never been properly broken, and he sported it in its greatest purity, although, in his humble opinion, he was persuaded that no one could take him for a native of the banks of the Liffy.

Jane Ware, next in situation to Miss Sharpe, was the object of his warm addresses, and they expected soon to be united in the sacred ties of matrimony. She had travelled with an Irish lady through France and Italy, and could say her *comment vous portez vous?* and *come sta?* as deliberately as *how do you do?* The rest of the kitchen inmates were too insignificant to be taken notice of, and therefore we shall return to Miss Winker's address to Mrs. Blump.

DIALOGUE.

"Quid domini facient audent cum talia fures?"

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, what curious stories, to be sure, the Marquis has been reading up stairs to the ladies; such scandal, such gossipings, amongst the great people! I would bless me star, to

be as I am, could I think that such *anecdotes* are true.

Mrs. Blump. Well, well! here you are again, Betty; all in a stew for nothing. What's the matter?

Mrs. Spruce. Oh, she knows nothing of the wickedness of the *beau monde*, or else she would not be so amazed. I have seen a little of the world, for my own part; and really I do think that, in a lower class, people are, to a tittle, as wicked as the nobility.

The Valet. By J—s, that's very true; and I have always remarked, that our *betters* are not *worse* than we are. Now, for instance, there are some people who will preach to one to be good, and do not trifle at taking the *chips* out of one's pocket. My former master's hair-dresser, who used to shave him, and furnish his bald head with a bob-wig twice a year,

borrowed of me six golden yellow-boys, and soon after cut his throat to avoid payment; I applied to his widow for the sum, but she proved not to be his lawful wife, and consequently I lost the whole; there is for you, Miss Betty!

Cuisinier. Oh! quil est bête! Vous ne raisonnez pas bien sur ça. A wife has *no right* to pay the debts of her husband when he is dead, chiefly when she gets nothing by his death but a little more liberty. Bob Mealbrow, the baker, as you call him, left a wife and three children to bless his going off, as he used to kick such a row, as you say, when the Lord Mayor refused to raise the price of bread *.

Spruce. I knew him well; and I can tell

* As it would be unpleasant to the reader to see in print Mr. Dubois's English *orthographied* as he pronounced his words, we have followed the common way of spelling.

The fatal Bank-note.

you a good story about that fellow. His shop was in the neighbourhood of one of those infamous houses, where a man, conscious of his guilt, goes to hide with his partner, the common prostitute, the shame of his lust: a few years ago, coming home from a benefit club, to which he belonged, and where he made a point to get drunk, before he left theplace every first Monday the year round, he staggered his way through the Strand, and having made choice of one of the street-walkers to accompany him, he was, by her, unknowingly led to the place of accommodation just mentioned.

What was his astonishment the next day, when his wife, with a long face, shewed him his name upon a two-pound note, which had been presented to her for change the night before, by the *very* waiter of the *very* house, who having not been hired there but a few hours before the baker and his lass came in, did

not guess that he lived at the next door, and described him, *sans scrupule*, to his inquisitive wife.

Mrs. Blump. Oh! for shame. I should like to see that fellow hanged!

Betty. That is too bad, Mr. *Spruce*; and I shall beg leave to believe not a word of it. Why, the fellow was worse than the Duke himself; and perhaps, in his pot-house, his elbow on the greasy table, he had often the boldness to laugh at the great with unblushing impudence.

Spruce. What will you say of Dicky, the coachman of Lord Bruise, who dines every Sunday, when he is at leisure, with his son, the shoemaker, and his concubine, whom he knows to be a married woman: here is morality for you!

Jane Sharpe. Oh! that's nothing. Doctor

Continued.

Playwell has christened two of his sister's children, and took care of their education, although he was privy to their being the adulterous offspring of an unlawful connection in the absence of the husband.

Valet. Well; what could he do? To let the poor babes go to hell for want of baptism? I say he was right there.

Mrs. Blump. Ahi! ahi! but why should he countenance such doings; to be sure, I was never married; but had I been a wife, I would always have taken care of the main chance.

Valet. By the bye, I have found a very pretty piece of poetry at the bottom of the bowling-green, in the grounds, which, I swear, was written by the Marquis to somebody; for though it is not his hand-writing, I am sure he wrote them.

Explanation.

Cuisinier. Mon dieu, qu'il est bête! How can he have written it, if it is not with his hand?

Valet. True; but I meant to say, that he composed them, and had them copied off, or something like it; for I heard him visibly repeat them the other morning by himself, when he was taking an airing in the tulip-walk with the French Count: here they are.

Spruce. Let's see; it is his hand-writing, I am confident; and the style will shew you, if you know any thing about poetry, that they are so very bad that nobody else could have composed them.

Mrs. Blump. Now, come, Mr. Spruce, let us have 'em.

Love Stanzas.

Spruce reads.

"Let Phillis rant in mad'ning prose,
Whilst auburn hairs, in catching curl,
Of her cold bosom hide the snows;
What is she to my simple girl?

"Let Chloe, proud of charming eyes,
The darts of love dextrously hurl,
And wound our hearts, and cause our sighs;
She's nothing to my country girl.

"Let Lydia spread the purple bows,
And the long Spanish cloak unfurl;
Let her display the Nankin shoes,
What is she to my simple girl?"

Betty. Well, I am sure! and whom dy'e think it was addressed to?

Cuisinier. I know, I know! to that *jolie petite minois,* that pretty face Tom Sackwell's daughter.

Jane Ware. Vous avez raison! I'll lay any thing it is done for her; but

what a shame, that Master Philip should degrade himself so as to write verses to a red-elbowed, coarse kind of a thing like her. I saw her at church last Sunday, with her mother, in a red cloak as old as Herod, and yet she was so foolish as to suppose herself dressed *comme il faut*, and very fashionable. She was so proud, she did not know what side to hang her head.

Mrs. Blump. Manners, manners, Miss; but, howsomever, this reminds me of the Brewer and Mrs. Shark. Pray, Mr. *Spruce*, did you hear any thing about the trial?

Spruce. All the world is mad about it; chiefly since the public is in possession of those valentines which he sent her.

Betty. Pray, what are they like? A man of fortune, of good education and sense, cannot write to a woman like Mrs.

Curiosity.

Shark, without being very amusing, witty, and romantic.

Spruce. Romantic! ah! we have enough of that.

Cuisinier. What is the story, pray; I am quite ignorant of it.

Valet. By J—, Mr. Spruce, tell us the whole of that; for, before I hear it, I am bound it must be very funny.

Spruce. Mr. Weston, an eminent brewer, in London, has by the help and kind assistance of his father (a man truly beloved by all who know him) as well as by his own industry, realized a princely fortune; in fact, and to shorten the business, he has bought up, and paid for, an immense number of licensed public-houses, which he lets to no one but those who buy and sell his porter: as far, it is all right. But Mr. Weston has a certain

number of partners who claim also a right to dispose of those places, and it appears that they could never have any share in this part of the business, as Mr. Weston used to leave the matter to a Mrs. Shark, his *chere amie,* who was cunning enough to make a good thing of it, by receiving *premium* from those whom, by her influence, she promoted to these several stations. Now there has been a montrous row in the firm, and indeed the whole came before the public in some of the principal courts of justice. Mrs. Shark appeared at the hall as a witness, and in a spiteful speech impeached the brewer, and disclosed his correspondence with her. Several letters were produced and read, and among them, this, of which the following is a copy, excited the laughter of some and the indignation of others.

Mrs. Blump. I dare say it is very clever. Read it, pray?

Princely Style.

Spruce. Reads.

"Tunbridge, Nov. 15, 1808.

"My lovely dear, and dearest of all that's dear. Not all the hops in the kingdom, were I possessor of them would, in my mind and most loving heart, be of any value, compared to the possession of one hour of your sweet presence! your kisses stick to my lips sweeter than liquorice, and sugar is a sour stuff, if,—"

Betty. Hold! hold! Sir. This cannot be genuine, it is too foolish to have been penned by a man so polished, so well educated, as he is—and a married man too.

Mrs. Blump. And that is the worst of the business. Why do not those married men keep to their own wives; it is a shame that such practices should be allowed in a well-regulated society.

Conclusion.

Betty. It is so, Mrs. Blump!

All agreed on the point, but on a sudden a most desperate pull at the bell from above, and a second rap at the door, put an end to the committee, and every one ran to answer the call, except Mrs. Blump, who, leaning back on her arm-chair, ruminated in her mind upon what had been said, and, with a gapish "heigh-ho," went gently off in a sound nap.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.